JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 6, 1926. Vol. XXVII. No. 1027.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.
Postage all over the world, ½d.

TRIPLE MURDER

We Pay £1000

See Page 13

From stubble to swansdown

By RUPERT

The most important thing in the shave is the lather. Some men always use too dry a lather, which stays on the surface and never gets down between the hairs; while some always use too wet a lather, which runs and never gives the soap a chance of getting round the base of the hairs and softening them. The really good lather is the sticky, yielding lather which will sink right down into the beard and make it soft and supple.

THOSE RUDE FOREFATHERS

In the Stone Age they hacked at their beards with flint. In the Bronze Age they shaved with bronze; while some bright sparks, we are told, used to prefer to singe their beards with hot walnut shells (rather a pretty idea, I think). What should we be shaving with to-day? Aluminium? It does not very much matter, for we of this generation have learnt at length that it is not so much the razor you shave with that really matters. It is the soap with which you soften your beard which is all-important. Easy Shaving Stick can turn your beard from stubble to swansdown, that will give you a really close shave.

SHOCK TACTICS

It's no good thinking that you can spring lightly out of bed in the morning, and surprise the offending beard while it is still asleep. A beard requires as much coaxing as a naughty child, for by nature it is as obstinate as the quill of a porcupine. Can you guess the one thing that will melt its heart? It's EASY.

"You are old, Uncle Rupert," the young man cried,
"And your chins are exceedingly double,
"Yet I notice you manage to shave them each day,
"Without the least bother or trouble."

"In the days of my youth"
Uncle Rupert replied,
"I shaved, but with pain
and despair;
"But now it's so easy
with EASY to shave,
"I could shave twenty chins
I declare!"

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

6d Per Stick

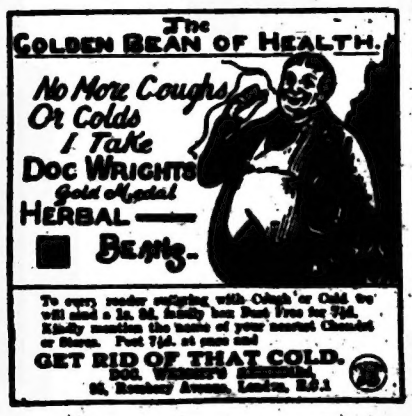
Sold by Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. R. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittan, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 HG), London, W. 1.



To every reader suffering with Cough or Cold we will send a 1s. 9d. Bottle Post Free for 7½d. Kindly mention the name of your nearest Chemist or Stores. Post 7½d. at once and

GET RID OF THAT COLD.

DOC WRIGHT'S REMEDIES,
98, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1

1/6 Weekly is all You pay

Nº 300 37/6 CASH TO RECORD BUYERS

Sure, Hercules Gramophone for 2/6 weekly buys a No. 300A Model with gigantic horn, solid oak cabinet, large motor and extra loud Sound Reproducer. Sent (with 20 tunes) carriage paid on 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Massive Mahogany Cabinets and Table Grands at very low prices. Write to-day for art Catalogue.

HERCULES GRAMOPHONE CO.
(Dept. H 120 Hercules House), Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N.7.

PSORIASIS

ECZEMA, BAD LEGS and all other Skin Diseases are being daily cured by Kuranda Herbal Treatment, when other means have failed even to relieve. Every case treated individually with all "disciplines" of leading over 30 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK on skin ills, plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SON,
14, Kuranda House, BRADFORD.

JOHN BULL PAYS £1,000 INSURANCE BENEFIT

"John Bull" announces the payment of £1,000 in connection with the Worcester tragedy in which Mr. Laight, proprietor of the Garibaldi Inn, his wife and little baby son were brutally and callously murdered.

Their little girl Jean, aged 4½, alone escaped, and this sum of £1,000 will make her future secure.

Full particulars of the terrible crime, which has left England aghast, will be found on page 18.

The ONLY paper in the world that provides a benefit of this nature.

103 OTHER BENEFITS PAID THIS WEEK.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/2/20.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order-form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader

Reader's Name ..... Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't post coupon. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and envelope for registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/2/20.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 2/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer

HERE is a wonderful opportunity to own the famous "John Bull" Pen and pocket a shilling. *Send any number of Coupons up to Six, and deduct their value (2d. each) from the price of the Pen.* At the same time procure a beautiful 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil FREE. Series of Coupons limited —send to-day.

Written 2 years' guarantee with each pen.

Your Name Engraved in Gold on Pen, 6d. extra.

Pocket a Shilling and get a 2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE

Pen is fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, and equal to pens costing double the price.

The World's 7 Most Fascinating Volumes

PEOPLES OF ALL NATIONS

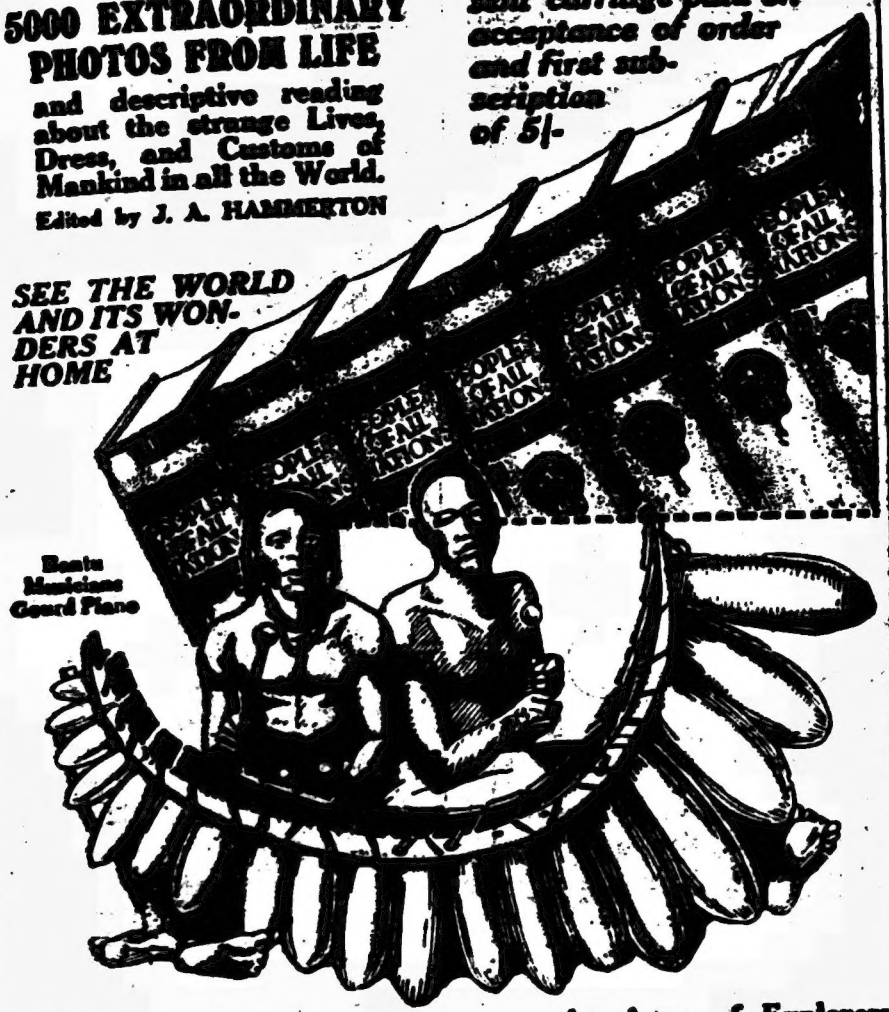
5000 EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOS FROM LIFE

and descriptive reading about the strange Lives, Dress, and Customs of Mankind in all the World.

Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

sent carriage paid on acceptance of order and first subscription of 5/-

SEE THE WORLD AND ITS WONDERS AT HOME



Bantu Musicians Guard Piano

See the Strange Photos from Life and read all about—

The natives who on coming of age are "roasted" on a fire.
How wild rubber is gathered by the natives.
The female "beauties" who enlarge the mouth with a cup.
Where the natives live in homes built on stilts.
Where "sow bread" is gathered from trees ready to eat.
Natives who catch fish by shooting them with bow and arrow.
Where "music" is played on a reed pipe with the nose.
The weird facial and bodily tattooing of different races.
Where natives make their bread from poisonous pulp.
The races of the British Empire and their strange customs.
The wild forest tribes of the jungle.
The male warriors and female beauties in their "war paint."
Children of the Peoples of All Nations and their lives.
The male and female "fashions" of different races of mankind.

An Army of Explorers and Travellers

has gathered all these wonderful photos and information. As and when you please you can explore forests, jungles, mountains, plains or deserts, or voyage to islands of the lakes, seas and oceans. School children and students can make their geography lessons "live" in their memories by reading about the peoples and customs in PEOPLES OF ALL NATIONS.

Fascinating and Thrilling!

Crowded with 5,000 photos from life and other pictures, including many in natural colours, PEOPLES OF ALL NATIONS will prove a never-ending source of entertainment—and education—for all the family. Whether grown-up or growing-up, all are entranced by the wonderful "life" photographs (many in gorgeous colours and superb photogravure) and stories of all races of mankind, and their homes, lives and manners of living. See for yourself the specimen illustrations in the Art Booklet which this Coupon will bring you.

SOUTH AFRICAN readers should apply to Central News Agency Ltd., P.O. Box 1033, Johannesburg. AUSTRALIAN to Gordon & Gotch (Australasia), Ltd.

SEND NO MONEY—ONLY THIS COUPON

Post this "John Bull" Coupon NOW and see in the Prospectus specimens of the hundreds of Colour and Photogravure Plates and Maps, etc., and find out how easily and at what little cost you can secure immediate delivery of "The World's Most Fascinating Volumes."

"JOHN BULL" COUPON
FOR FREE PROSPECTUS

To The Educational Book Co., Ltd.,
17 New Bridge Street, London, E.C. 4.

Dear Sirs,—I would like to see FREE DESCRIPTIVE PROSPECTUS of the 7 Volumes of "PEOPLES OF ALL NATIONS," obtainable immediately and carriage paid on your acceptance of first subscription of 5/- only.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

OCCUPATION..... J.B.5

No Corn Can Resist Radox

You CAN end your corns, however obstinately they may have resisted your previous attempts to remove them. Plunge your feet into a hot Radox foot-bath, and after twenty minutes or so your corns will be so soft that you will be able to lift them clean out, root and all. If the first treatment does not do this, a second or third will. Hundreds of sufferers have proved the unfailing effectiveness of Radox, and so can you. Read this letter.

8, Albert-place, Londonderry.

I may tell you since sending for your sample of Radox Bath Salts a year ago I have been using them ever since, and I find them the best salts for any kind of foot trouble. I find them very refreshing after a game of tennis, and also after dancing.

I was terribly troubled with corns and chilblains, but since using Radox Bath Salts they have cured me of all that. I will allow you to use my name in full in any testimonial you put in the Press, as I see Radox cures all foot troubles and cannot be beaten.

My wife keeps theatricals every week, and she always has a packet of Radox Bath Salts set on their dressing table, and they all fairly go in for it, so you can see Radox is fairly well used in this house.

J. LESLIE MEYMUIR.

29th Sept., 1925.

When you put your feet in a foot-bath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½lb. Pink Packet. 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

Smoke

Phillips' Empire

Pure Leaf

scented

per **7d** *oz.*

Beware of imitations It must be Phillips

You can buy Phillips Empire in half-ounce packets 3½d.

COMFORT AND CLEARNESS

These are Two of the Outstanding Features of our World-Famed

1/- DEPOSIT. **EXCELLAITE HEADPHONES**

We have received over 10,000 Unsolicited Testimonials for the EXCELLAITE HEADPHONES. Supreme Workmanship and Efficiency. On receipt of 1/- Deposit we will send a Pair of our Super Excellaite Headphones. If perfectly satisfied you send 1/6 on delivery and 6 monthly payments of 2/-, or 12/6 Cash in 7 days. Send at once and Test for yourself. Send CATALOGUE FREE.

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.),
WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

PERFECT TONE

This EXCELLAITE DE LUXE LOUD SPEAKER has been Pronounced by Experts as the FINEST LOUD SPEAKER YET PRODUCED

We want every Prospective Loud Speaker User to test this Instrument on their own set at our expense. If you have not heard the Excellaite De Luxe, you have not heard the best Loud Speaker. Sent on receipt of 2/- Deposit. If perfectly satisfied, you send 5/6 on delivery, and 10 monthly payments of 5/-, or 50/- Cash in 7 days.

2/- DEPOSIT

Height 20 in. Diam 14½ in.

The Excellaite De Luxe is a Speaker not a Toy. 1926 CATALOGUE FREE.

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.),
WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

GRAVES SAVE YOU POUNDS

Every Lady should write at once for Graves Display of Bargains in Coats & Wraps

The lowest prices in the trade. Every garment distinctive in style, dependable in quality, and warranted to be of the best make.

UNSURPASSED VALUE.

We DELIVER Coats and Wraps on approved orders on receipt of small payment. Balance monthly, if established. Money back if disappointed.

Write for Patterns and styles of Coats, Wraps, Costumes, Robes, &c. Post Free. State which you require.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. 53-61, Ltd.

From 5/- monthly

15 DAYS TRIAL

Send Packed FREE & Carriage PAID. £4 19s. 6d. Cash or 2/6 Weekly. Immediate delivery. Hot Bargains in Second-hand Cycles. Accessories at popular prices. Write for Free Lists & Special Offer of Sample Cycle.

Mead STOCK 56, Inst. Bush, W. 220 SPARBROOK BIRMINGHAM.

Asthma Bronchitis Catarrh and Whooping Cough

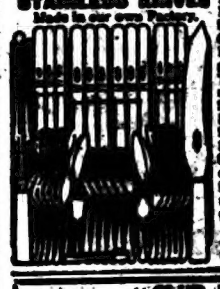
The moment you inhale Potter's Asthma Cure that maddening cough stops, your breathing becomes easy, your days are comfortable and you enjoy restful nights. The relief is immediate and extraordinary. Potter's Asthma Cure is free from opiates and does not cause headache. *It is wonderful for the Bronchitis of Children.* Of all medicine vendors 1/6, or post free 1/9 from Potter and Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

When outdoors smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes, 1/6 for box of 25, or Smoking Mixture in 2/6 tins.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

STAINLESS KNIVES Made in our own Factory.



1 pr. Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorine handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory colored handles, 1 Table Spoon, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Sifter, 1 Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Tea Spoon, all of Queenhoo Silver, which wears white through out, so plated like. Delivered in approved order for 5/- only and 5/- monthly, if satisfied.

5/- NOW

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

"CLUB BLACK" ENAMEL.

For all Household Uses, Cycles, Motors, etc.

DRIES IN 30 MINUTES.

In two sizes, 6d. and 1/-

From all Ironmongers, Stores, Cycle Agents and Garages, or direct from:—

SILICO ENAMEL CO., Warton Road, Stratford E.

Home Hair Culture

ARE YOU GOING BALD?

If you have given up trying other remedies, try mine FREE.

I am asked daily to help dozens of people who report that their hair is rapidly falling, that they are getting grey, that scurf is choking their scalp causing terrible irritation. I help them, let me help you. Write me, stating your trouble. I will send you a FREE TRIAL TREATMENT, together with my 44-page book, which is full of valuable hints on how to BEAUTIFY, PRESERVE and ENCOURAGE THE GROWTH OF YOUR HAIR. ABOUT THE FALL and ULTIMATELY OVER BALDNESS. Enclose 3 stamps for postage and address:—G. M. Williams, Dept. K., The Laboratories, 82, Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked. In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

TESTED JB

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Yeast is life!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets, A Lightning Pick-me-up.

THE greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and lively in a few minutes.

IRVING'S *YEAST-VITE* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.

Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.

Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

Caution.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. Genuine Irving's "Yeast-Vite" tablets are always sealed with Government stamp.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received thousands of letters from satisfied users, and these are open to inspection.

26116—Dr. T. V. N.: "I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that the results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of Asthenia (general weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith."

26111—Mr. B., S.R.N., C.S., M.M.G.: "Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies failed. Many of my patients would not be without them."

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invalid to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

26294—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25289—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly ended. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

25296—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, "Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London. E.C.1.

"Bullets" Prize-winners of £1.

(Continued from page 39).

A. J. Dovemell, 2, Belgrave Cres., Bath.
G. W. Duffield, 191, Alderson Rd., Yarmouth.
A. Dunhill, 13, High St., Brentwood, Essex.
E. Dutton, 3, Northumberland Rd., Conisborough.
M. Estes, 3, Catherine St., Crewe.
B. Edwards, 5, Milton Court, Edinburgh.
Miss Ellis, 22, Elliscombe Rd., Charlton Hill.
F. Eccles, 3, Main St., Ballyfin, Co. Dublin.
O. Evans, 77, Clyd, Pontlliw-ld, Swansea.
T. Fairbairn, 7, Rosendal Rd., Dunfermline.
G. D. Fletcher, 21, Bentord Rd., Sheffield.
F. J. Freeman, 5, Felix Av., Crouch End, N.
Mrs. E. French, 118, Latchmere Rd., Kingston.
H. V. Goddard, East Marden, Chichester.
A. Goldsworthy, 33, Whiteladies Rd., Bristol.
Miss V. Gray, 11, Kensington Rd., Luton.
B. W. Green, 48, Hamilton Rd., Gt. Yarmouth.
J. E. Griffiths, 44, Church St., Flint.
Mrs. E. Haines, 35, Grafton Rd., N., Flekton, E.
J. Highland, 40b, Huntingdon St., Leicester.
F. Hilton, 54, Graves Land, Clayton-Bridge, M/c.
Mrs. Hobson, 134, Cross Leach St., Stalybridge.
R. Holland, c/o Allan, 12, Baker St., Middlesbro'.
E. Holder, 126, Southlands Rd., Bromley, Kent.
S. Hosner, 44, Salisbury Lane, Alum Rock, B'ham.
F. Hopkins, 170, Manor Park, Lee, London, S.E.
J. Jones, Freeden, Kelso, Roxburghshire.
A. Kenneth, 1, Gordon Pl., Wellington, Som.
Miss Kelsall, Causeway Villa School, Whittlesey.
H. Kinch, "Wotton House," Cottage, Worcester.
F. Lake, 4, Wardlock Rd., Cheltenham.
J. R. Lawson, 32, St. Leon Terr., Perth, N.B.
D. J. Lewis, 7, Beechland Terr., Maesteymoel.
J. H. Lowthian, 7, Childwall Abbey Rd., L'pool.
A. Lowton, Railway Station, Walton-on-Thames.
G. Maddox, 38, Goldsworth Rd., Woking, Surrey.
Mrs. M. Mellor, 313, Ivydale Rd., Nunhead, S.E.
H. Miller, Grafton Gardens, Carlisle.
G. Morris, Bryn-Hyfryd, Llanbedr, Merionethshire.
S. Mapp, 37, High Lane, Stockport, Lancs.
J. Pugh, 1, Upper Pl., Aston, B'ham.
H. Pritchard, 94, Wellesley St., Thornaby-on-Tees.
F. W. Rhodes, 61, Campden Hill Rd., Kensington.
R. C. Richards, Jun., 8, Lee St., Kidderminster.
T. Richardson, Station St., Wheatley Hill.
A. Robinson, 113, Stockton Rd., Hyde, Ches.
R. H. Robinson, Office Yard, Middlewood.
W. F. Russell, 38, Gordon Rd., Gosport, Hants.
G. Seaker, 42, Stanley P.O., London, E.
C. Shawcross, 227, Manchester Cres., Manor Park.
J. Sheridan, Lords Village, by Monifieth, N.B.
F. E. Shiner, 5, Lancaster Av., Carshalton, Surrey.
J. Stoddart, 6, Ardrey Rd., Gateshead-on-Tyne.
Mrs. I. Stanley, 67, Upper St., Dudley.
J. S. Swift, 14, Wharf St., Stanley.
W. Taylor, 46, Pool St., Woodnook, Wigan.
A. J. Thomas, Brewster St., Warwick.
W. H. Thomas, 9, Tavistock St., Plymouth.
G. Tuffin, 24, Alexandra Rd., Bournemouth.
F. J. Tyler, 7, Palmer St., South Hetton.
A. Wakefield, 11, Alfred Pl., Kingsdown, Bristol.
G. H. Ward, 4, Ellacott Rd., Battersea, S.W.
S. J. Ward, 4, Railway Cottages, Lenham.
W. S. Wilde, 7, Arkwright Rd., Newton Abbot.
W. J. Wolf, 7, Abbeydale Rd., Newton Abbot.
Mrs. W. Wood, 31, High St., Stretton-in-Willows.
C. A. Wood, 22a, Midland Rd., Wellingborough.
G. W. Woodcock, Vale View, Lancaster.
A. Whittington, 56, Pavilion St., Belfast.
W. G. Young, 1, Aston Gdns., Belfast.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 502.

SPRING FASHIONS	IN EVERY GREEN
WHAT PADDY SAID	WITHOUT TROUBLE
WIFE'S FRIEND	SUPPER IN THE FIRE
HIS IS TO BE FAMOUS	DAYLIGHT ROBBERY
HEART BREAKING	IN THE NURSERY
OUR GUARDIANS	AMATEUR DETECTIVE
FROM BAD TO WORSE	SAID TO THE DOCTOR
AT THE THEATRE	FATHER'S WHEELING
WHEN FATHER'S AT WORK	BACK TURN THE CLOCK
EVERY NIGHT	WHAT IS A DEBUT?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 39, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, FEB. 28. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 502 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing them must be addressed "Bullets" No. 502, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 501.

The Completed Puzzle

B	R	O	W	N	■	S	M	■	B	R	A	I	S	S
R	A	S	H	■	S	T	E	A	M	■	A	L	O	E
E	S	S	E	N	C	E	■	R	A	I	N	B	O	W
S	P	I	T	■	R	E	S	I	N	■	T	U	N	E
T	■	C	E	A	R	N	E	S	T	■	M	■	R	■
S	L	I	N	G	■	A	■	E	A	S	E	L	■	■
S	C	E	N	T	■	E	G	G	■	C	O	N	I	C
O	■	F	R	A	Y	■	I	O	T	A	■	V	■	■
B	O	H	E	A	■	E	B	B	■	U	P	S	E	T
■	P	E	R	I	L	■	■	L	A	Y	E	R	■	■
A	■	B	■	N	U	M	E	R	A	L	■	R	■	C
F	O	R	K	■	X	E	B	E	C	■	N	I	G	H
T	R	A	I	T	O	R	■	P	E	T	I	O	L	E
E	R	I	N	■	R	I	T	E	S	■	C	U	E	S
R	A	C	E	S	■	T	■	L	■	E	E	S	E	T

Solution to the Cross-word puzzle published in our last issue.

This week's crossword puzzle is on page 6.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Soil manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wellfield's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds; valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Tweeds, Tubing, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send P.C. (to-day) for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale) all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free.—E. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS requiring cheap lines in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., should write for new 1926 Illus. Cat. to S. Moses, Dept. J.B., 6, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

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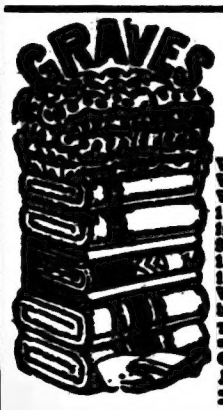

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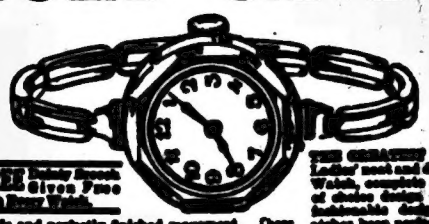

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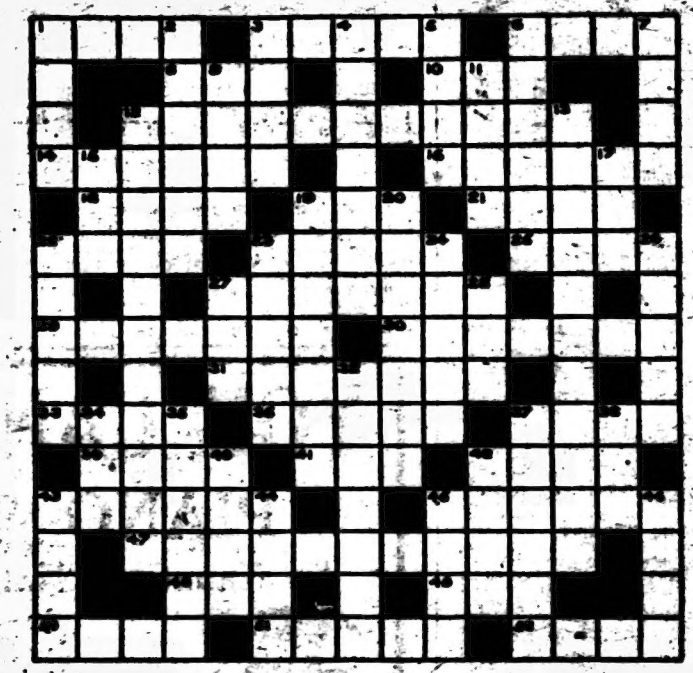

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Poem set to music.
2. A-drunkard.
3. Speedy.
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. [illegible]
7. [illegible]
8. [illegible]
9. [illegible]
10. [illegible]
11. [illegible]
12. [illegible]
13. Chance.
21. Numbered coins.
22. Fewer.
24. Fuzz [illegible]
25. [illegible] lion.
27. Dust.
28. Do [illegible]
30. Treachery.
31. To compel-lend.
33. Lean.
34. Arable [illegible]
37. A lamb.
39. Quiver.
41. Renovated.
42. Lightest.
43. Afternoon [illegible].
45. Prickly plant.
47. Indifference.
48. Reduced.
49. Observe.
50. Nickname for Conservative.
51. Blackbird.
52. A trick.

CLUES DOWN

1. Course at dinner.
2. Hand coverings.
3. A popular child's periodical.
4. A small dagger.
5. Exclamation of derision.
6. Two shillings.
7. Domesticated.
9. A foreboding.
11. Uttered falsehood.
12. Dejected.
13. Render unavoidable.
15. Employ.
17. Recent.
19. Official Parliamentary record.
20. Separating.
22. Slander.
23. Restored to health.
24. Coarse.
26. Muscle.
27. Pronoun.
29. English river.
32. Belgian city.
34. Japanese sash.
35. Playful.
37. Association football.
38. Large bird.
40. A volcano
42. Narrow highway.
43. Malleable.
44. Parliamentary measure.
46. A law.
48. Only.

The solution to last week's Cross-word Puzzle will be found on page 4

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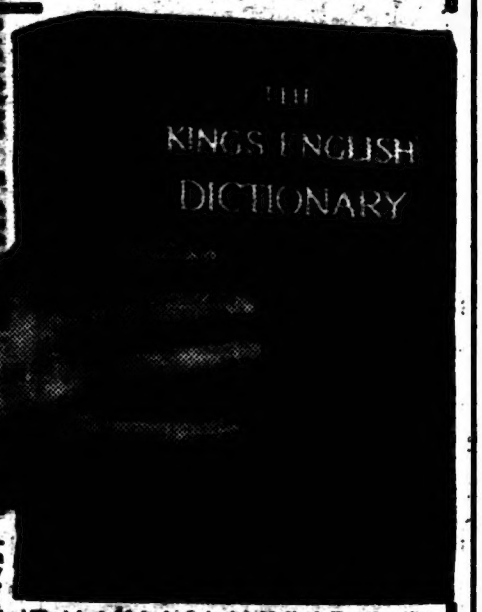

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From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

Don't take our word for it—
Read what these people say:

Well Adapted for the Purpose.

Glenicle, Staffin, Skye.

I feel it my duty to write to you to say what great benefit I have derived from wearing it. It is so comfortable and so well adapted for the purpose that one is not conscious of the fact that he is actually wearing a belt.

I have found it so excellent in every way that I procured similar belts for several friends, and they are all loud in their praises of it, and, like myself, they will continue to use it.

You are quite at liberty to use both my testimonial and name, and I shall always recommend your Appliance to any one who I know is in need of such, as your Appliance deserves every praise.—I remain, yours faithfully,

ALEX. M'LEOD.

Cured in 7 Months.

Linnett, Lowthorpe, E. Yorks.

I am completely cured, and have not worn your Appliance for a year. I have been in the Army eight months, and have not felt my rupture, so I can truly say that after wearing your Appliance for seven months I am completely cured. I have advised my friends who have the same trouble to try the same. You may use this as you like.—Thanking you for my cure, yours truly,

HARRY MARSHALL.

Boy Cured—also Grandfather, 81.

Gaugh, Cabrach, by Rhynie, Banffs.

I must say your Appliance has proved the greatest comfort to our boy. He is perfectly cured, and does not need it now, and we cannot thank you enough. Also, his grandfather, 81, is cured, and can also do without the Appliance. You can use this as a testimonial.

ALEX. GORDON.

Comfortable and Happy—Cured.

Jura Forest, Jura, Argyll.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to let you know how comfortable and happy I have been ever since I started to wear your wonderful Appliance. I can get about my work without the least inconvenience; and when I think of what I suffered whilst wearing a truss, I cannot speak too highly of your excellent invention. I am now completely cured.

You have my permission to use my letter, and I should be very pleased if it should be the means of helping to convince any poor sufferer of the benefit and comfort to be derived through wearing your Appliance. (Mrs.) DUNCAN CARMICHAEL.

Made a New Woman of Me.

127, Manchester Road, Clifton, Manchester.

Can honestly say the Appliance has made a new woman of me, as I have not been troubled by my rupture since wearing it. It has acted like a miracle, as I had no pleasure in life, and only wish I had sent for it earlier. Will strongly recommend it. My friend also finds it a wonderful invention. We thank you with all our hearts for easing our suffering. Make whatever use you like of this letter. (Mrs.) E. VALENTINE.

Straightforward Dealing.

Ashley Grange, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.

Having worn your Appliance for 14 months, I think it my duty to acknowledge that it has given great satisfaction. It causes no pain or inconvenience, and I would not be without it. I can do my work with ease. I must thank you for the kindness and straightforward manner you dealt with me. Shall do all in my power to recommend you to friends around me who suffer from rupture. You can make what use you like of my letter, and I shall be only too pleased to answer any letters from those who would like to know about the Appliance. A. BROWN.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon to-day.

Please remember we send our Appliance on Trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the free coupon below and post it to-day.

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (387C), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... (Please write plainly)

.....

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Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

NOTE.—GIFTS DEPT., CARRERAS LTD., Now 23 NEW NORTH ST., THEOBALDS ROAD, W.C.1.

Week ending Saturday, Feb. 6, 1926. Twopence. Vol. XXXIX. No. 1,027.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

12, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 5870
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Factious and Fractious.

Parliament opened this week with plenteous omens of bickering within the Parties and "ructions" in the House. Every Party lacks a strong unifying lead.

Jam To-morrow.

Oratory in full spate has prepared the country for a tremendous burst of Parliamentary activity. Actually, the whole session, until Easter, will be spent on finance. Bills on other vital subjects—and there are dozens of them—will wait.

"Safety" First.

The Factories Bill is being pushed steadily lower on the Government's programme. Employers raised a yell about clauses dealing with the health and safety of workers, and Ministers hate endangering their "tranquillity" even when human lives are at stake.

Shelved Reforms.

Other Home Office measures embodying much-needed reforms which are still on the waiting-list are the Legitimacy Bill (mentioned in last year's King's Speech), the Moneylenders Bill, the Child Adoption Bill and the Lead Paint Bill.

Night Clubs Still Trumps.

"Jix" should stir up the Home Office limpets. The long-promised Bill to deal with bogus night clubs has been shelved on the ground that the draftsmen cannot frame a satisfactory definition of a night club!

Mediævalism.

Labour M.P.s are not the only Parliamentarians impatient of the antiquated machinery of Government. Rules of procedure which give the maximum of licence to obstructionists and the minimum of opportunity to those anxious to get on with business are less dignified than ridiculous.

"John Bull's" Forecast.

In our issue of July 11, 1925, we told our readers to look out for a new grouping of Parties and politicians in the House of Commons. We mentioned Sir Alfred Mond as the one likely to take the first step.

Crowing Too Soon.

The chuckling joy in certain clubs over the Government's latest convert will be short lived. Sir Alfred Mond will be foremost in the school of thought already a sharp thorn in the side of the diehards.

Congratulations.

On other grounds than that of fulfilled prophecy we heartily commend Sir Alfred for the step he has taken. There's too much adhesion to one Party on grounds of policy while privately holding the tenets of another. Mond is at least honest.

Lucky Simon.

Sir John Simon's absence in India kept him out of the Liberal land quarrel. Returning free and unspotted on the eve of the session, he could do great things for the Party if he liked.

Money Power.

The blunt truth is that had Lloyd George been a penniless politician his lack of following would have declared itself months ago. A war chest holding a million pounds is worth sticking to.

Breakers Ahead.

Indications are not wanting that Mr. Lloyd George, despairing of unity within existing organisations, will attempt the formation of a new Radicalism.

For Instance.

Determined to regain leadership at all costs, Mr. Lloyd George's first idea was a Liberal-Labour alliance with the slogan, "Patriotism first!" But not for the first time he completely misread the signs of the times and the project failed. The land scheme was his second throw.

Reticence.

The one man who could declare the whole truth about the first scheme, and who is still loyally delivering the goods—Mr. J. H. Thomas—won't talk. If he ever quarrels with Mr. Lloyd George the world will hear some very interesting things!

Trouble Brewing.

Over 50 per cent. of Welsh miners object to the political levy, a fact lending piquancy to the £20,000 which Mr. Cook handed over to Labour Party funds last year. No detailed explanation having been submitted to individual lodges a "situation" is developing.

It's Urgent.

We appeal to the Coal Commission not to confine its report to the ultimate reconstruction of the industry, but to suggest some immediate means of existence. An urgent need is something fresh on which Government, owners, and miners can get together before May.

Drifting to Disaster.

The Government feebly invites miners and owners to find a temporary solution themselves. As both miners and owners are in exactly the same position as last summer, this is simply playing the game of all those who wish things to drift to a disastrous crash.

TRIPLE MURDER
We Pay £1,000
See page 13

Eating Worms.

Can it be that *nobody* loves the coal-owners? The *Economist* describes their figures as "highly doubtful," their evidence as "almost childish," and says they are "living in the dark ages." So now we know.

A Job of Work.

Two million acres of agricultural land in the Fens is in danger of becoming swamp unless drainage operations are promptly begun. Here is useful work for the unemployed.

A Ten Million Error.

In stating that the coal subsidy will cost not more than £20,000,000 Winston Churchill cannot refrain from crowing over critics who estimated its cost at £30,000,000. But what about the Government's original estimate of £10,000,000?

Where Winston is Soft.

Churchill finds it easier to cut down "social services" than to hold his own with the wily foreigner. His settlement with Volpi not only leaves five-sixths of Italy's debt to Britain unpaid but whets France's lips for a bite out of Caillaux's bargain.

Railway Stability.

The acceptance of the National Wages Board findings was a bitter decision for the more ardent spirits of the N.U.R., but a victory for common-sense. A crisis of unknown danger has been averted. But trouble will recur, and in aggravated form, unless a statesman arises with a sound industrial policy.

Stop the Rot.

High cost of living lies at the back of all demands for increased wages. When organised labour puts its united energy into a campaign for bringing down prices "Finis" will be written over the profiteer's doorway. Up to now it has failed to touch the plague spot.

"No Excuse."

London depots of the L.N.E.R. are crowded out with coal waiting to be carted away. The company declares there's no excuse for any increase in coal prices. There is, but it isn't stated. It lies in the cold snap. The consumer's necessity was the profiteer's opportunity and he took it.

Nailing the Lie.

The Textile Company, Trafford Park, Manchester, advertised vacancies for half a dozen men, and by 6 a.m. next morning had 300 waiting at the doors. Later a crowd of 3,000 nearly overwhelmed the factory. The unemployed want work—when they see a chance to get it.

THE WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Mace Worship.

Alderman Carter, mayor of Oxford, ought to be a circus-manager. To instil respect for the city mace he wasted the time of a school by making all the boys walk past the mace at the salute. We urge him to take the mace, tap it smartly against his head, and come to his senses.

Harmless—Yet Condemned.

"I see no harm in it, but it is an offence." Thus Police-Sergeant Robbings with reference to a trade lottery run by genuine ex-Service men at their market in Harrow Road. Since hospitals are permitted to dodge the law, why not the blind-eye to ex-soldiers whose only aim is the health of themselves and theirs?

The Better Way.

One hundred omnibuses of British manufacture are now to be seen upon the streets of Moscow. We venture to predict that Leyland Motors, Ltd., a Lancashire firm, have done more by this small transaction to bring about a friendly understanding with our quondam allies than all the bargaining of suspicious politicians.

A Wrong Verdict.

Ten poor people at Huddersfield slept at night in one room, because they had no other shelter. A little babe was one of them, and it died. "Accidentally suffocated" was the verdict of the coroner who investigated the cause—in our opinion, sacrificed to Huddersfield's neglect to provide sufficient houses for its people.

Greater Love.

Forty tons of roof suddenly fell at Sutton Manor Pit, St. Helens, and, as he lay buried, along with his younger brother Harold, Samuel Cooke revealed noble heroism and a Christ-like love. "Save Harold first," he appealed to the rescuers; "I have no children and he has two. Save him for them." This they did, and Samuel's sacrifice for love was life.

One Worker's Brains.

Mr. J. D. Llewellyn is a working man who proves that the love of knowledge is not confined to men of wealth and leisure. Mr. Llewellyn, now middle-aged, has had to earn his living since the age of twelve. A Port Talbot signalman, he has gained the B.Sc. degree at London University—an honour that redounds to his credit and is the crown of years of patient study.

The Match that Failed.

Grace Sims and Kate Sullivan hit upon the idea of stopping men in Leicester Square and asking for a light for cigarettes and then robbing the obliging males. They tried the trick on a solicitor, however, with the consequence that each is now serving three months' hard labour, and another bright idea has gone out like a spent match.

Our Heroines.

Very touching tributes from relatives of the dead are constantly received by nurses at Southwark Hospital, London. Their love and sacrifice to patients have earned for them the name of the "Southwark Angels." They deserve it. To the sick and ailing of London's poor they give the tenderness and thought of home care, and even the pitifulness of death is robbed of dreariness by their gentleness and flowers.

Simple Simons.

By forging the name to a document showing he had acquired a cinema, Airlie Dix, aged twenty-eight, obtained £260 from a proposed partner. By sending himself a telegram reading "decree made absolute" the same rogue persuaded a widow that he was divorced and obtained from her £120, which he spent on another woman. Fools and their money are soon parted. Business transactions need more than a plausible manner and one doubtful document to prove their trustworthiness.

A Woman's Honour.

We suggest to the police in the West End that more care is taken when a charge of soliciting is brought against a woman. At Bow Street a dancer was discharged as the evidence of the police was not conclusive. Mistakes of this kind must not be made when a woman's honour is concerned, and unless the police have conclusive evidence they are jeopardising a reputation, to say nothing of wasting time and money.

Paper-boy to Professor.

Eight years ago G. E. K. Blythe was an oil mill cake-house floor-sweeper by day and a seller of newspapers in Selby's streets at night. Since then he has brought out three valuable inventions, won scholarships worth more than £1,000, and gained appointment as lecturer on engineering to the Glamorgan County Council. The United States and other countries want him. So does Britain, as an example to her boys.

In England Now.

Mrs. Josephine Laird, a married woman with husband and two boys, lived throughout the snowstorms in the woods near Ashford, Kent, in an improvised shelter of laths, bracken and tarpaulin. On sanitary grounds the family had been evicted from a hut which they built. When Mrs. Laird was carried to Willesborough Infirmary she had two frozen feet, pneumonia and bronchitis. She died, one more victim to be added to the roll of housing-shortage martyrs.

The Human Machine

"Discontenteds"

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

ARE you a "discontented"? Think before you reply, for there are two sorts of people who answer to this description. There is, of course, the inveterate grumbler who never finds life worth living, who is never happy—and who never will be happy.

A miserable individual this! Let us leave him to his own misery! We cannot help him.

The sort of discontent I mean is that inward urge to be up and doing, that irresistible desire to go forward, that can be called, if you will, "ambition."

Something a bit deeper than just ambition, though—something not quite as conscious as ambition. Just a vague unrest that makes a man convinced that however good the work of his hands or brain he could do even better.

I remember a clever "Bullet" that appeared in JOHN BULL a few weeks ago: "Better World—Man His Own Columbus." That is exactly the sort of thing I mean.

THE great difference between the mere grumbler and the man who is full of the fire of "divine discontent" is really very simple.

The former sits still waiting for someone to push him along, waiting for other people to make things better for him; the latter gets busy and goes forth on a voyage of discovery to see if he can't make things better for himself.

He may fail, of course. He may never find the end of the rainbow. But, come what may, he has seen a vision and dreamed a dream and is so much the more a man.

Never be afraid of dreams. They have inspired every adventure in the history of mankind.

* * *

*** *Many of Mr. Thompson's previous articles are now reprinted in book form under the title of "The Human Machine." (2s. 6d., post free 2s. 10d. Mills & Boon, Rupert Street, London, W.)*

Inhuman Farmer.

The fact that it was a perishingly cold night did not appeal to Henry Davies, a Chirbury gentleman-farmer, seeing that he had a comfortable bed for himself. His rabbit-catcher and the man's little lad he packed off to sleep in a cowshed, where they might have frozen to death. Davies was lucky that Judge Roberts at Holywell had not the power to fit punishment to conduct he described as "unchristianlike and inhuman."

Check to Croakers.

There are at least two people who have been too busy proving to the world what Britishers can do, when they put their minds to it, to notice the twaddle about the Empire's decadence. These are Major Court Treatt and his splendid wife. Their motor-car expedition from Capetown to Cairo is an epic of courage and endurance, which will do more to refute the slanderous lies of pessimists than all the arguments of theorists. No, we do not stand where we did; we are leagues further along.

A Woman of Spirit.

Though we do not go so far as to insist that every man and woman who indulges in fox-hunting is wantonly cruel, we must confess to more than a sneaking sympathy with the woman of Teignmouth who put huntsmen and hounds to ignominious flight with a broom. The animal sought sanctuary in the conservatory, but the dogs followed and killed it. "I hope you will all meet with an end similar to that of the fox," cried this champion of the hunted, a wish which may give some of those sportsmen furiously to think.

Till Springtime Comes.

Is any blackguard looking for free board and lodging, without too much work to do and a concert thrown in now and then? All he has to do is to bash his wife across the head with a hefty pair of fire-tongs. So long as he draws the line at murder he will be well out of jail by the time the weather breaks. We are judging by the case of Jack Gould, of Nine Elms, who was sentenced at the South-Western Court to two months for thus assaulting his partner. Apparently, the method is safer, as well as cheaper, than cheeking a policeman.

Illogical Pride.

When summoned by a furnishing firm, a man pleaded at the Bow County Court that he had refused to pay his instalments because the collector had divulged to the neighbours that the goods were on the hire-purchase system. Judge Snagge scoffed at the idea that this carried any stigma, and gave a verdict for the company. We won't argue so knotty a question, but merely point out the weakness of the defendant's logic. Claiming that a limited publicity damaged him, he invited a wider one. He condemned himself.

Home Builders.

The gigantic sum of £250,000,000 has been raised and used for building homes by the building societies in twenty-three years, a fact that shows what can be done by the development of the own-your-own-home idea. We pat the reputable societies on the back for their aid in home-making and advise readers to beware of the dud societies we have recently exposed in these columns. Rogues are trying to trade on the reputation for honesty built up after years of straight dealing by eminently trustworthy societies.

Unhappy Delays.

Christmas seems a long way behind us now, but lots of our Tommies who are stationed overseas are only just receiving their Christmas parcels. Needless to say, those containing foodstuffs are in a hopeless condition, and numerous complaints are reaching us both from the soldiers themselves and the parents and relatives. One would think, after all these years, that the postal authorities would have devised an efficient system for dealing with the Christmas rush. Most private enterprises cope successfully with holiday congestion, but the G.P.O. always fails somewhere.

A Diabolical Act.

A farmer named Patrick Terry, of Moonadike, Rathgormack, was recently charged with the diabolical act of roasting a ferret alive. His excuse was that it had killed some of his ducks, and he escaped with a fine of £3. We can understand a man's anger at losing his ducks, but we cannot understand him seeking consolation in such a fiendish piece of torture.

Fever Patient's Ordeal.

A twenty-year-old girl, of Greenstead, Essex, who was suffering from scarlet fever, was removed to an isolation hospital in a motor-lorry. She had to lie on straw without any covering or pillow, and there was no female nurse to attend to her. Her father has just protested to the Ongar Rural Council, also pointing out that he was not told where his daughter had been taken until three weeks after her removal. The council say that they will "reconsider" the manner of the removal of future cases. We should hope they will!

A Valuable Lesson.

We suggest to teachers the advisability of pointing out to pupils the moral to be drawn from life's dramas as recorded in our newspapers. It would be difficult to find a better text than the tragedy of Reginald Collins, who died from the effects of a pierced ear, the result of a game of "spears." The weapon was nothing more fearful than a sharpened bit of stick, yet it served. If every father who sees this will read it to his son, the good sense of the average boy will do the rest.

A Gallant Out-of-work.

A seaman on H.M.S. *Gloucester* during the war, and an ex-fireman of West Ham, Mr. A. G. Turner found it a comparatively easy task to climb up the front of the Angel Inn, Stratford, on discovering the place was on fire. It was one o'clock in the morning and all the inmates were abed. The gallant fellow conducted the cook to safety, and roused the rest of the house; and it is due solely to his prompt action that no life was lost. Turner is out of work; who will honour himself by giving the man a job?

Infants who Marry.

With combined ages totalling only thirty-six, a father, mother, and child figured in a case at Willesden when Mrs. May Peacock summoned her husband for neglecting to maintain her and the baby. She now lived with her mother and he with his parents, and neither ought to have left them, for Peacock is still an errand-boy and his wife a child of seventeen. "Good gracious!" said the magistrate when he heard the facts, to which we add "A scandal." The suffering caused ought to fall upon those responsible for allowing these child marriages.

Missing Welsh Girl.

Early last summer, Ida Treharne, a young Welsh girl, left her home at Glanamman, Carm, and came to London to go into service. On July 25 she wrote to her parents from Hugh Street, Victoria, S.W., where she was lodging; but since then no further news has been received and her parents have searched for her in vain. We are asked to insert this note in the hope that it will perhaps catch the eye of someone who may be able to help these unhappy parents to trace their daughter.

All Alone.

"Will you kindly send me a little money for pressing wants?" wrote eighty-six-year-old Mrs. Jane Young, of Tollington Road, Islington, to Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P. She is the widow of a naval engineer, which fact entitles her to £40 a year. In such seclusion has she lived that she was ignorant of the Old Age Pension Act. Her Admiralty money was nine months overdue, presumably owing to an oversight, in consequence of which she was on the verge of starvation. "The widows' God will surely take vengeance at the last day," was her bitter concluding cry, a prophecy which should make that official blunderer squirm.

Duped "Innocents."

Professional bigamy is increasing to the dimensions of a recognised trade. William George Harris, trawler's engineer and trade union secretary, is the latest exponent, with five "marriages" to his discredit. Sentencing the fellow to twenty months' imprisonment at Lancaster assizes, Judge Swift described him as a "contemptible creature who spent his time in persuading innocent women to surrender themselves." The type of innocence that rushes into marriage without enquiry into antecedents is crime's best ally.

His Warning.

For inciting Winifred Cushway to take drugs for an improper purpose, Arthur Harris at the Old Bailey was bound over to be of good behaviour. This leniency was due to his Army record, during which he won the military medal and earned the character "honest, sober, trustworthy, most reliable." Unfortunately, Harris, in civil life, got Miss Cushway into trouble, though he became engaged and married another woman. That the affections must be controlled is a lesson even trustworthy men are slow of learning.

Robbed of his Right.

A man who wished to get his "dole" papers signed complained at Willesden that he was unknown personally to any magistrate, clergyman, doctor or schoolmaster, in consequence of which he was debarred from out-of-work pay. Why shouldn't any householder or tradesman—especially a voter—be deemed a responsible person by the authorities? One who dislikes parsons, shuns magistrates and doctors, and has finished with schoolmasters, might yet remain respectable and honest, and a genuine applicant would be sure to know somebody who would testify to his bona fides.

Arrest of Mr. Toba.

People who have written to this office about Mr. John Toba, estate agent and auctioneer of 16, Great Alie Street, Aldgate, E.1, who also ran a scheme for the speedy naturalisation of aliens, will be interested to hear that Mr. Toba has been arrested on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences. Mr. Toba was brought up at the Thames Police Court, and after formal evidence of arrest had been given by Detective-Sergeant Dean, of Leman Street Police Station, Toba was remanded on bail for a week.

A Clever Turf Adviser.

Mr. F. Watson, of Barum Hall, Halifax, is advertising in the *Sheffield Independent* for a partner in his "old-established Turf Advisers' Business, able to put down about £350." We earnestly advise the public to shun this offer, for Mr. Watson is that ingenious racing tipster who hit upon the dodge of tipping every horse in a race, and distributing his "selections" amongst various clients so that some were certain to win. On one occasion he had the audacity to claim that JOHN BULL had backed him, whereas we had really criticised him sharply for his shady methods.

Exploiting the Unemployed.

About two months ago we had something to say concerning the J. W. Mallard Sales and Publicity Service, of 3-4, Cheapside, E.C. 2, which was exploiting unemployed men and youths as canvassers for a preparation known as the "Cleveland Cleaner." Now comes a complaint from a York reader to the effect that the Hull branch of this precious "Service" recently took on twelve canvassers to sell ballot-tickets. All went well until pay-day, when the unfortunate dupes were told that the wages had "not arrived." After much pressure they obtained small payments, but they are still waiting for their full salary. The "Service" seems slow.

CASH THE COUPONS!

"John Bull's" Wonderful

PEN OFFER - - - *See page 2*

Problems of Life

The Key to Character

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE older I grow the more impressed I become by the astonishing variations in human nature. It is not the resemblances between one human being and another that I consider most worthy of attention, but their differences.

Rudyard Kipling

It is the simple truth that there is no average man. You cannot infallibly predict either the character or the behaviour of any individual from what you know of his family, town or nation. You may think you can, but sooner or later you will run up against the unexpected and unforeseen.

The surprises we get in this way are endless, and there is no accounting for any of them except to say that every man is a unique entity and that in the last resort we are what we will to be.

AN ex-officer told me the other day that he learned this lesson during his term of service in the trenches on the western front in the Great War.

The men he thought he could depend on lost their heads at a crisis now and then; others who seemed useless suddenly developed resource and energy. "One had to know them by experience and one by one," he remarked.

There was one weedy-looking, undersized conscript in his command whom he regarded as a coward and a shirker. The poor fellow's appearance and ways suggested as much.

Judge then of the officer's amazement when one day, as he shouted to the regiment preparing to go over the top that he would give a pound note to the first man in the German trenches, this hitherto despised little scrap of humanity jumped up and led the charge.

"If there were any decorations going," continued the story, "he ought to have had them all; but all he asked for was the pound note."

YOU never know what a man is worth until he is tested—I do not mean in cleverness, but in moral resource.

In private life one has seen a small man take hold of a big situation and handle it with credit; and one has known a big man collapse in an hour of trial and bring the honourable work of a lifetime to ruin, including his own good name.

There is always an "if." Rudyard Kipling has told us where to look for it. It is within one's own breast.

> If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
> To serve your turn long after they are gone,
> And so hold on when there is nothing in you
> Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
> Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
> And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

THE TALE BERTOLI TOLD

IMPOSTOR'S WHITEHALL WANGLING

A Diddling Diplomat

WHO is Teodore Bertoli? He is a mysterious gentleman with a silver tongue, an impressive manner and a very inventive imagination, who arrived in this country last December and took a room in a Soho hotel.

He lost no time in making himself affable to the hotel proprietor and his son and, flourishing many documents, letters and photographs, convinced them that he was a most important personage.

Later he declared that he was visiting London partly on business and partly in connection with certain negotiations with the Foreign Office.

He told the hotel proprietor, Cavalier Agosti, that he was the owner of the biggest carpet company in the Near East, and that his premises in Smyrna had been destroyed in the great fire.

He went on to tell how his family had been massacred by the Turks, and how he had escaped after suffering terrible mutilation at their hands. This part of his story was somewhat borne out by the fact that he had a terrible scar on his throat and also a broken nose.

The affable guest

According to his narrative he had succeeded in reaching South America, where he commenced propaganda work against the Turks. He was asked by the authorities to cease his activities, and, on his refusal, was placed on board a cruiser and then transferred to an Italian steamer, which brought him to Naples.

From Naples he proceeded to Rome, where he was granted a sympathetic audience by Mussolini. He had next visited Paris, from whence he had now come to London with the main object of collecting £46,000 from an insurance company in respect of his Smyrna factory, which he declared had been insured for £2,000,000.

For four weeks Bertoli stopped at the Soho hotel, where he entertained lavishly. He was constantly on the telephone—ostensibly to the Foreign Office—and sent and received many registered letters. Almost daily he was sending radiograms to Madrid.

Signor Agosti was much impressed, and was persuaded to advance several sums of money to his affable guest to keep him going until his business with the insurance company should be concluded. In all, he and his son lent Bertoli £145, while the hotel bill came to over £90.

Lovely tales

On one occasion Bertoli arranged a dinner at the hotel for twenty-four people, and actually ordered £40 worth of flowers from the Savoy florists, but later in the day, Count Volpi of the Italian Debt Commission and his colleagues, who were to have been present, apparently found themselves unable to attend and the dinner was reduced to a supper party for ten.

Although Signor Agosti was very trusting he had a slight suspicion that things were not quite as they should be, and he decided to accompany Bertoli on his visit to the insurance company.

Bertoli left him outside the office, but when he emerged he declared that everything had been fixed up, and they went on to the National Provincial Bank, Cornhill, to draw the cheque.

Here Bertoli informed his companion that the cheque had arrived, but was for such a high amount that it would have to be transferred to the Bank of England. They proceeded to the Bank of England, where Bertoli was in conference with officials for twenty minutes or so.

He then told Agosti that he could not open an account there as he was a foreigner, and suggested that the hotel proprietor should recommend him to his own banker.

Agosti agreed to this, and an account was subsequently opened in Bertoli's name on the understanding that the first part of the £46,000, which was being paid in two instalments, should be transferred from the Bank of England the following day.

Bertoli obtained a blank cheque from the manager, and made it out for £4,000 in favour of Agosti, as full payment of the money he owed, the balance to be payment in advance for his continued residence at the hotel.

On January 13, Bertoli telephoned to the Foreign Office, and left the hotel immediately after breakfast, with his despatch-case under his arm. He has not been seen since.

Exhaustive enquiries reveal the fact that the Home Office know nothing whatever of this remarkable man, who certainly has no connection with the Italian Debt Commission.

Talk about nothing

One story which he told at the hotel was that he was negotiating with a firm of British contractors for the construction of a railway from Madrid to Valenciennes, and on one occasion Signor Agosti accompanied him on a visit to Messrs. Pearson and Son, of Victoria Street.

The version of this company is that Bertoli certainly called upon them and talked very grandiloquently; but as he had nothing of importance to say, and no papers, credentials, or decided plans, he was asked to leave the office.

The police should get on his track, for he is a dangerous customer.

Coe on the Catch

A Fowl Fraud

SEVERAL small farmers, who are compelled to deal in a "hand-to-mouth" fashion with live poultry, have reasonable ground for complaining of the methods of business of the man referred to in this story.

A Dorset reader, for instance, had some produce to dispose of and got into touch with a man named W. Coe, of 263, York Road, Battersea, S.W.11, who described himself as the "Largest Live Poultry Salesman in South-West London."

Mr. Coe undertook to handle our reader's stock, and several consignments were duly despatched. At first, Coe paid promptly, but after a while he failed to send the money due.

* * *

Our reader communicated with us, and we wrote to Mr. Coe for his explanation of his sudden cessation of payments. The "Largest Live Poultry Salesman in South-West London" was very sorry, but he himself had been the victim of an unfortunate financial loss, which had occurred whilst he was "away on business."

Coe was still carrying on, however, and assured us that he was paying up all back accounts and would settle with our reader as quickly as possible.

* * *

Not feeling very satisfied with this letter, our Special Commissioner later called upon Mr. Coe in person, and succeeded in obtaining his written undertaking to settle our reader's account in full by January 12.

On January 14, our reader wrote to say that Mr. Coe had fulfilled this promise, and had settled his account by cheque. We were very pleased to hear this, but our pleasure was doomed to be short-lived.

Three days later our reader wrote to say that the cheque had been returned from the bank, dishonoured. The Dorset gentleman is still without his money. Excuse after excuse prevail, but no money is forthcoming from Mr. Coe.

As has been stated, our reader is in a very small way of business, having only just launched out for himself, and he can ill afford to suffer this loss. Moreover, he has just squared several accounts on the strength of Coe's worthless cheque, and has consequently landed himself in fresh difficulties.

* * *

Perhaps, with the light of publicity upon him, and the fact that there are many other clients in a similar position, Mr. W. Coe will come forward and make satisfactory amends.

As the "Largest Live Salesman in South-West London" he certainly ought to do so.

The Cause of Charity

Fuller Accounts Desired

NO institution doing public work should refrain from publishing the fullest and most comprehensive accounts, showing in detail the sources from which its income is derived, and giving complete particulars of its expenditure.

Unfortunately, many such institutions content themselves with publishing an inadequate summary of receipts and expenses, whilst some publish no accounts at all.

From time to time we have received enquiries regarding a concern called John Groom's Crippleage, which has a branch in Clerkenwell and an institution at Clacton-on-Sea.

What people are asking

John Groom's Crippleage is run in connection with what is termed "The Flower Girls' Mission of London," and the funds with which these concerns are carried on appear to be raised by various methods.

While contributions are collected in the usual way, money is also raised by artificial flower-makers, who tour the country in the name of the Crippleage.

In recent years, too, a considerable business has been done in the sale of cheap emblems for flag-days, which are manufactured by crippled women and girls at Clerkenwell.

People who have written to us asking for information seem to consider that the money is not economically expended, and we have therefore investigated the matter very carefully.

The result of our investigation shows that the concern is now being conducted by Mr. Alfred Groom, who is the son of the original founder, Mr. John Groom. There is no suggestion that the institute is being in any way mismanaged, but the question of accounts may well be raised.

The books of the institution are duly audited, but the information disclosed in the accounts is very inadequate. Only the net profit on the sale of flowers is shown after deducting all expenses, including cost of material and wages of management, teachers and workers.

The figure for "salaries and wages" on the expenditure side is therefore not complete. In fact, as only lump sums are shown, it is absolutely impossible to ascertain how much of the money received is actually spent on the work of the orphanage.

Give the fullest details

This is a most unsatisfactory state of affairs, for it is only reasonable that the members of the public who subscribe to charitable institutions should be kept informed of the manner in which their money is being applied.

We trust that officials of *all* charitable organisations will bear this fact in mind. The publication of complete accounts, giving every possible detail and explanation, is most desirable, not only in the public interest, but in the interest of the institutions themselves.

TRIPLE MURDER: We Pay £1,000

THE TRAGEDY OF JOAN LAIGHT

"John Bull" Assures Her Future

WE are able to announce, under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift, a payment which is the only one of its kind in the history of newspaper insurance. The circumstances are also the most dramatic.

We have awarded the sum of £1,000 to little Joan Laight, the six-year-old survivor of the brutal Worcester inn murder, for which a man now awaits the death penalty. The fact that there was no call upon us to pay the money did not weigh with us for one moment.

The conditions under which an admissible claim should have been made following the death of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Laight, of the Garibaldi Inn, were not complied with.

But the traditions of JOHN BULL stand for more than technicalities, and we have allowed human considerations to outweigh the mere letter of an agreement. It is not the first time we have done so, and it will not be the last.

The difference in this case means that the hapless survivor of the grim Worcester tragedy, instead of being left a penniless orphan, has now her future assured.

A little girl's happine s

It is a big sum of money to pay, but the satisfaction felt by the proprietors and staff of JOHN BULL, which we feel sure will be shared by every one of our millions of readers, is more than ample compensation.

And our readers, we know, will join us, too, in wishing that happiness will yet come to the poor little mite, Joan Laight, whose life has opened under so dark and terrible a cloud.

The murdered Mrs. and Mr. Ernest Laight

* * *

There was not a happier family in all Worcester than Ernest Laight, landlord of the Garibaldi Inn, his wife Doris, and their two small children, Joan, aged six, and Robert, aged two.

A diabolical crime

The father and mother were as free from care as might be and happy in a wide circle of friends.

Among the latter was one who concealed behind the mask of good fellowship the brutal instincts of a murderer.

The details of the diabolical crime committed by Herbert Burrows, a probationer police officer, need not be repeated. Suffice it to recall how, on the night of November 27 last, bent on securing the money in the till of the inn, he murdered first the landlord, Ernest Laight, who was his friend, then his wife, and finally their baby boy.

By some inscrutable decree, one was spared. There have been moments since, when those who now watch over little Joan so tenderly, have almost wondered whether her chances of happiness had not been murdered as surely as were the lives of her dear parents and her wee baby brother.

Two months ago a happy, care-free child, she is to-day a quiet, shrinking little mite, with a sad far-away look in her pensive blue eyes, and a shadow passing across her childish features. In one awful moment she was deprived of everything that life meant for her.

The truth kept back

Fortunately Joan is not left to the mercy of a sometimes pitiless world. She is being tended with care and devotion by her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, and by her aunt, Mrs. Griffiths. In the kindly atmosphere of their home, they are doing their utmost to make Joan forget the dreadful happenings of that night in November.

Joan has never breathed a word of what she saw and heard on the night of death. But her fits of absent-mindedness, chance remarks dropped unconsciously, bitter tears at prayer-time by the little cot, and screams of terror in the dark hours tell those who watch over her that, at the back of that childish mind, an impression has been seared of some acts at least of the fiendish tragedy.

Whether she knows all, may never be known.

Pray God it never will be, and that any memory that Joan may have of the night's happenings will be blotted out before she reaches mature girlhood.

The real facts have been kept back from her, mercifully; and her schoolfellows are loyally abiding by their promise not to breathe a word. "Mummie and Daddie and Bobbie have been taken away because they are ill," she has been told; and her grandparents pray that she will believe this.

Her constant companion is her cousin Jack, a few weeks older than herself, and a member of the same household.

His mother, who is the sister of the murdered woman, has told her little son that Joan's parents and brother are dead, and has sworn him to secrecy.

"Be kind to Joan, Jackie," she told him, and little Jackie is manfully doing as he has been bidden.

Many are the letters of condolence which have reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Joan's grandparents; and none more grateful than that received from the head of the Force of which the murderer of Joan's parents was a member.

Here is the Chief Constable's letter, which we have his permission to print:

CITY POLICE OFFICE, WORCESTER.

DEAR MR. HARRISON,

Now that I am recovering from the shock occasioned by the dreadful tragedy which has occurred, I feel I should like to express to you, not only on my own behalf but on behalf of every member of the City Police Force, our heartfelt sympathy with you and Mrs. Harrison and your relatives in the great sorrow which has come upon you.

It should need no words of mine to tell you how very grieved I am to think that the cause should be a man who has been associated with my Force. My one consolation lies in the fact that he had been with us but a few months and was hardly yet one of us.

Nevertheless his dreadful crime has brought untold grief to each member of the Force I am proud to command. We all trust that you will be given strength to bear your sad misfortune.

With deepest sympathy,

OSWALD J. B. COLE.

Another letter which Joan's grandparents prize among the many they have received came from the Chief Superintendent of the Worcester County Police, a very great personal friend of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. It is couched in friendly terms, but is nevertheless an official sympathy from every member of the County Force.

Simple devotion

More than one offer of adoption has been received. But these have been rejected, although grateful thanks have been sent.

"Joan shall never leave us; all the love and devotion we have shall be bestowed on the dear child and her friend Jackie. We will do *our* best to make up for her terrible loss" is their simple statement.

But there is uneasiness in their hearts when bedtime comes, for little Joan is restless. Sleep does not come quickly to her. "Mummy, I want you," and "Daddy, where are you?" are her constant cries; and once recently the night silence was broken by the plaintive cry of, "Oh, my poor Bobbie."

Joan Laight, with her granny, Mrs. Harrison

On the same night, too, the little voice was heard to whisper, "Oh, that awful night. When the lights went out . . . !"

And so it happens from time to time. Sometimes there is peace for a night or two and the child falls into a gentle sleep; but on others little Joan bursts into copious weeping and cries for those who have gone, and her little hands clutch and unclutch each other convulsively; the little frame shakes with sobs, and her sorrowing guardians are brought to the verge of tears themselves by the heartrending cries of the orphan.

Grateful guardians

But she is orphan only in name. Her grandparents and aunt are seeing to that. And through the long days she is happy at school, or romping with her cousin in the cosy living-rooms of the "Green Man" Tavern, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Harrison.

"We are going to give her a good education—schooling means so much these days," Joan's grandmother says. That is where the award of the £1,000, which we have the happiness to announce to the grateful guardians, will come in.

After much careful discussion, it has been decided to form, with the assistance of the family solicitor, a trust fund on Joan's behalf, to be devoted to her upbringing. Details are not yet finally arranged, but it will mean that she will have about a pound a week during childhood and adolescence.

When finally she comes of an age when she must face the world alone, the £1,000 will be intact, a generous equipment for life's real journey.

May the years to come find in Joan Laight the woman a happier being than Joan Laight the child, who is the victim of so dreadful a stroke.

SANCTIMONIOUS SANDY

ANOTHER LONELY LEAGUE TRAP

Guides for the Gullible

SANDY McNAB is at it again! This plausible, frowsy, frock-coated Scotsman, who for years has been acting the "good Samaritan" to young men and women friendless and alone in London, is again endeavouring to persuade guileless members of both sexes to intermingle for sociability and exchange of thought on his introduction.

Not once, but many times, JOHN BULL has had occasion to draw attention to the activities of Sandy, who is better known to some people as Adam Arthur, to others as "Arthur Hillcote," "Arthur Hillfield" and "A. Heathcote."

Sandy used to run a money-making concern known as "The League for Lonely Men and Women," and he had his offices at 44, Kennington Road, which is exactly opposite the local police station! We exposed him and his "League" and he next appeared at Featherstone Buildings, Holborn.

Two years later, Sandy started a Guides' Bureau, at 150, Southampton Row, W.C., and offered to pilot visitors to London around Wembley, and show them the sights of the City. He also informed visitors that they could have "refined and reliable ladies or gents as guides and companions for one day or longer as required."

A friend indeed

We lost no time in connecting shady Sandy with these two organisations, and we had almost forgotten his existence until, within the last few days, it came to our notice that "M. Friend," of 22, Great Windmill Street, Piccadilly Circus, was endeavouring to advertise in a London daily newspaper that "all ladies who have rooms to let or who wanted rooms could get in touch with each other with the services of M. Friend."

Needless to say the newspaper in question did not accept the advertisement, but consulted people who promptly wrote to M. Friend and received the desired information.

Strangely enough the reply, which was in every way satisfactory, came on notepaper headed "Christian Friends' League." True it was signed by M. Friend, but a very careful comparison proved that Mr. Friend's signature was written in the same handwriting as "A. Heathcote" and "Arthur Hillcote."

Incidentally, a cheque issued by the Christian Friends' League within the last few days was also made out and signed by A. Heathcote!

Sandy's shock

A representative of JOHN BULL, anxious to make the acquaintance of M. Friend, and to investigate the great social work which the Christian Friends' League purports to do, made his way to the back room of the house in Great Windmill Street.

Presenting himself as a lonely young Scotsman in London, he enquired of M. Friend—a sallow young lady whose manner seemed to denote a heart overflowing with her love for mankind in general and lonely young men and women in particular—what she could do for him in the way of providing female company to gladden his stay in London.

She extracted from an enormous file the names and photographs of several ladies which she considered would be "suitable." Having decided upon the lady of his choice, our representative was given a receipt for 10s. 6d.

M. Friend was in the act of writing down the address of the lady with whom our representative was to communicate when Sandy McNab himself dashed into the room in consternation anxiously enquiring for the receipt.

Our representative showed him the receipt, which he *grabbed eagerly and tore into small pieces*, and hastily handed back the half-guinea.

It transpired that McNab's frenzied excitement had been caused by his recognising in Great Windmill Street another representative of JOHN BULL whom he had met previously to his cost. As a matter of fact, this representative had been watching McNab, and had seen him extract, from a letter-box marked "M. Friend," the afternoon mail!

Of course, the notorious Sandy does not wish to receive any further publicity in these columns. His object in obtaining the assistance of "M. Friend" is naturally to cover up his own tracks.

Positive proof

But one would have credited him with more intelligence than he displayed in snatching a receipt from our representative and tearing it up. By doing so he established the very point we wanted to prove—that he was able to rush into the office of "M. Friend" and take charge in such an emergency!

In conclusion, we would say that although London is a vast city there are any number of *bona-fide* institutions where it is possible for young men and women to meet one another and intermingle in social intercourse without the assistance of Sandy, who has a very bad record, and has actually served a sentence of imprisonment for indecently assaulting a little girl entrusted to his care!

The False Scent

Where is Paul Sablon?

IN August last year, a Broughton reader got into touch with a firm of scent manufacturers known as La Parfumerie Sablon, of 23, Rue Desgranges, Montreuil-sous-Bois, Seine, France.

The proprietor of this firm was a Mr. Paul Sablon, and he offered to appoint our reader as exclusive agent for Sablon productions in the Midlands and South Coast of England at a salary of £4 per week, plus commission and travelling expenses.

An agreement to this effect was drawn up on September 7, and Mr. Sablon undertook to supply "an attractive suit-case," fitted with all necessary samples, on condition that the agent deposited £20 as security.

The agent was to have the option of terminating the agreement at thirty days' notice, with the guarantee that his £20 would be refunded immediately he returned the case of samples.

Our reader sent a cheque for £20, which was duly acknowledged by Mr. Sablon, who stated that the samples and case would be shipped as soon as possible.

Some time passed, and then Mr. Sablon wrote from Germany to say that he was visiting his factory there for the purpose of preparing for the Christmas trade. He assured his agent that the sample-case was now ready and would be shipped in a day or so.

The agent could only wait hopefully, but when three weeks went by and the wonderful sample-case failed to arrive, he cabled to his employer to know when it could be expected.

Mr. Sablon was "very much surprised" that his agent had not received the packages. He was sure they had been sent off. He further stated that he had enquired personally at the post office and had been informed that the parcels should be delivered any day now.

As a matter of fact, all our reader had received was a few odd samples and a quantity of printed matter. Mr. Sablon gave his most earnest assurances that "another" case would be sent to him at once, and added: "I sincerely hope that you receive all these parcels soon."

That sincere hope has never been realised, for nothing further has come to hand. Our reader has twice written to the firm at their Paris address, but both letters have been returned by the postal authorities, after first being forwarded to Germany, Belgium and two addresses in London.

So the whereabouts of Paul Sablon are at present unknown. During part of last year he was advertising in various London magazines, and it is believed that he has secured quite a number of dissatisfied clients.

Ratepayers Ramped

A Fishy Business

MIDDLESBROUGH Corporation has expended £23,833 in connection with the Linthorpe road-widening scheme, and the people of the city are naturally up in arms about it.

The desirability of the scheme is not questioned, and everyone is well aware that it must necessarily be a very costly business, but when one learns that this terrific expenditure merely relates to preliminary purchase of land and properties, the indignation of the people of Middlesbrough is easily understandable.

A protest meeting was recently held in Middlesbrough town-hall, which was crowded to overflowing, many hundreds of citizens being unable to obtain admittance.

The town council was wholeheartedly condemned for its gross extravagance, and a resolution was passed that the whole matter should be reviewed with a possibility of recovering the amounts that had been paid in excess of fair market value for the properties in question.

It was pointed out during the course of the meeting that the whole of the £23,833 had gone to purchase seven shops and two small cottages. These premises were very poorly constructed, and not suited for any modern purposes.

Puzzling variation

As regards site area and construction they were all practically identical in size and type. Yet there was considerable variation in the prices paid.

One block, the net rateable value of which was recently assessed at £33 annually, was purchased for £2,861 5s. Another block, assessed at £38 10s., was purchased for £4,300, in addition to which the vendors were provided with a site for new premises, which brought the cost up to £5,724 10s.

How is this difference to be explained? The vendors of the first property are the Co-operative Society, and they made a very good bargain. The vendors of the second property are A. M. Winney and J. T. Turner, and it is difficult to understand why they should be dealt with so much more generously by the corporation.

Suspicious silence

It amounts to this. They have received a new site, four times the size of their old one; new premises much more valuable than their old ones; and a cash profit of about £2,000!

How can the council justify its lavish dissipation of the town's resources when there are something like 8,000 unfortunate townspeople who cannot pay their rates?

Another point which was raised at the meeting was that, though this colossal expenditure had been incurred sixteen months ago, the details had only just been made public.

What has the council to say? The ratepayers want to know.

"Bad Lot" Charlotte

Woman's Infamous Record

IN our last issue we dealt at some length with the scandal of bogus "hotels" which infest London and suggested that the police should pay a little more attention to the outrageous manner in which many of them are conducted.

In the course of our exposure we referred to a woman named Thiebault, who was fined £50 at the Old Bailey for running a disorderly house in Bloomsbury. We protested that this woman had got off far too lightly in view of the nature of the malpractices carried on at her so-called "hotel."

A sordid past

Further enquiries into her career make it possible for us to reveal additional information, and to say that it is a very grave scandal indeed that this woman was not sent for a time to jail.

Charlotte Thiebault—to give her her full name—is an Englishwoman married to a Frenchman named Albert Thiebault (who is registered as an alien at the Bow Street Aliens Registration Office), and her disgraceful den at Woburn Place was not the first undesirable haunt that she has conducted.

On April 26, 1921, she was brought before the magistrate at Lambeth Police Court and charged with assisting in the management of a disorderly house in Kennington Park Road, S.E.

The most revolting misbehaviour was permitted at this Kennington den, and, though Charlotte was convicted, she escaped with a fine of £10 and £3 3s. costs.

Yet, when she is now brought up again on a further charge of the same abominable character, and when the evidence against her is even blacker than before, she is again permitted to escape the imprisonment she so richly deserves.

And what of her alien husband? He professes to know nothing of his wife's activities, despite the fact that he lived with her at the premises where the vile offences were committed.

He has not always behaved himself as should an alien living on our shores, for on October 30 last he was fined at Bow Street Police Station for failing to notify his change of address under the provisions of the Aliens' Registration Act.

Send them to jail!

We strongly advise the police to keep their eyes on this precious pair. The fact that Charlotte has just got off so lightly will only encourage her in her vicious practices; and others of her clique who make huge profits from their undesirable "trade" are not likely to be deterred in this way from carrying on as usual.

The evil will never be stamped out, in fact, until the offenders who are apprehended by the police are made to suffer the severest penalties the law is able to inflict.

A MUSICIAN'S NIGHT ORDEAL

THE MYSTERIOUS MORRIS COWLEY

The Scandal of Wrongful Detention

A DISGRACEFUL incident occurred a few days ago, the victim of which is one of the best-known men in the theatrical world, and whose integrity is beyond all question.

On Saturday, January 23, Mr. S. Clarke Richardson, the well-known composer, who is familiar to hundreds of thousands of Londoners as musical director of the Holborn Empire, left the theatre at 11.20 p.m.

It happened that he had an appointment with Miss Maidie Scott, the comedienne, concerning music he had composed for her new song-scena.

Accused of car theft!

In the afternoon Mr. Richardson had specially written a song for her, promising to deliver it after the theatre, so that she could rehearse it on the Sunday.

He drove in his Morris-Cowley four-seater to her house, leaving his car at a parking-place near by. He left Miss Scott about midnight, to drive to Finsbury Park where his wife was waiting for him at his father-in-law's house, and then return to his home in Ilford.

On returning to the parking-place he found his car guarded by two uniformed policemen, who asked him if the car was his property. He told them that it was. To his amazement, one of the constables then said, "Do you know you are in possession of a stolen car? This car was stolen from Piccadilly Circus last night."

Mr. Richardson protested that there was a serious mistake, and asked the constables for their authority. One of them produced his case book in which the number of the car alleged to be stolen was given as YK7403, the same number as that of Mr. Richardson's car.

He was then instructed to drive with the constables to Notting Hill police station, where the officer in charge repeated the accusation that the car had been stolen.

Mr. S. Clarke Richardson

A considerable time elapsed, during which Mr. Richardson repeatedly protested his innocence, and asked to be allowed to leave. His anxiety was increased by the fact that his wife, who was waiting for him at Finsbury Park, was not at all in good health.

He asked the officer in charge if he was positive he had got the right number. The latter replied that there was no doubt, as they had checked it with the book of the man who had lodged the complaint.

The composer's desperation

Mr. Richardson then gave the names of several well-known people who could testify to his *bona-fides*. He included several C.I.D. officials and others at Bow Street whom he knew personally, and particularly mentioned one inspector who had actually been for a drive with himself and his wife a few weeks previously.

He was informed that the officials mentioned were not likely to be on duty in the middle of the night, and something was said about "police routine." A request that someone should go and see Miss Maidie Scott, who lived only five minutes away, and whose house the constable had seen him leave, was also refused.

The night was wearing on, and in desperation Mr. Richardson offered to drive the police to Sydenham, where the complainant lived.

Eventually the police agreed to drive to Sydenham in the station tender and bring back the owner of the stolen car, and allowed Mr. Richardson to fetch his wife from Finsbury Park under escort.

After four in the morning the man from Sydenham arrived, and immediately said that the car was not his! Mr. Richardson was then permitted to drive home, and, on arrival there at 5.15 a.m., had to fetch the doctor out of bed owing to the dangerous state of his wife.

On the Monday following, two inspectors called on Mr. Richardson at the Holborn Empire and explained the position.

Apparently, the owner of the missing car was responsible for the original mistake, having given the number as YK7403 when, in fact, it was YK7043. The officers then said that as the car licence was lost with the car, they had to take the owner's word without verification!

Mr. Richardson then asked why it was that, if they were not certain, he was not allowed bail. He was informed that *had he been charged* he could have had bail, but as he was *only detained under suspicion*, it was impossible to give him bail!

The wife's ordeal

We sympathise with Mr. Richardson in his indignation over the affair. Following the shock and anxiety of the incident, Mrs. Richardson has been seriously ill with a doctor in constant attendance.

The "Pep" of Pepper

The "Major" Cashiered

WE have recently devoted a good deal of space to the activities of "Fred," otherwise Horace Walter, otherwise "Major" W. Pepper.

We castigated him because, immediately he came out of jail for obtaining money by false pretences, he set out to obtain money from people in return for positions he offered in a concern called the British and Colonial Agricultural, Horticultural and Stock Breeders' Association and National Farmers' Club.

* * *

But our comments have not deterred him; and it is, therefore, necessary to favour him with a little more publicity in order to prevent other unsuspecting people from falling into his clutches.

Mr. Pepper, who has been prevented by us from opening premises in Princeton Street, Red Lion Square (where he hoped to trade as "The Metropolitan Caterers' Supply Company"), is very busy now looking for mugs in a still further project, which he calls "The West End Catering Company," described on its notepaper as being "Club and Hotel Owners and Brokers," with offices at 19, Villiers Street, Strand.

* * *

One gentleman, for instance, received a letter from Pepper in answer to an advertisement for a "steward, wages £3 a week and percentage takings, £50 deposit—good references." Where the good references are coming from we do not know—unless, of course, Pepper has made good friends since he left Pentonville Prison!

However, Mr. Pepper wrote, on January 21, on the notepaper of the West End Catering Company, telling applicants that "we deal in clubs and small hotel, etc., property. We have always clubs on hand, sometimes two or three at a time; we open new clubs, run them for a time, and when a nice connection has been got together, we sell them as going concerns."

His statements are, to say the least, entirely false.

"Mr." now; "Major" a couple of weeks ago; and, prior to that, for many months known by only a number, and appearing, not in the uniform of a major, nor even the civilian clothes of a "Mr.," but in the gloomy garb of a prisoner!

Pepper is also touting for clients, who must have money of course, from an address at 29, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

Not only are we pleased that we have been able to locate this schemer's latest movements for the sake of would-be investors, but also for the sake of a poor newsagent in Edgware Road, who badly wants to see Mr. Pepper concerning the sum of £1 5s. 2d., owing to him for newspapers supplied in October and November of last year.

ANOTHER MILL SCANDAL

SPINNING YARNS ABOUT COTTON

A Strange Light on a Huge Bankruptcy

IN the last year or so, hundreds of thousands of people have lost money in companies which were formed to make fortunes out of the cotton "boom." In a recent issue we referred to the scandal of the Belgrave Mills Company, Ltd., of Oldham, Lancashire, which failed suddenly with a loss of something like £3,500,000.

The liquidators' report in this connection was one mass of damning disclosures of waste and jugglery, and we urged the desirability for a full enquiry into the whole matter.

The multitudinous shareholders of this, and other companies which have failed in similar circumstances, have now banded themselves together into a protection association with the object of safeguarding their interests. This action shows how serious the question has now become.

Application is being made to the Board of Trade, by this protection association, for an inspection of the affairs of the Lark Spinning Company, Ltd., and The Pilot Spinning Company, Ltd., and in many other respects the association is engaged in furthering the interests of its members.

Trading on an eager public

A company which, to our mind, also merits some attention is James Burton and Sons, Ltd., cotton spinners, of Manchester, Tyldesley and Atherton, which has just failed with a total deficiency of half a million.

The details of this failure are as follows: A winding-up order was made in July last year on the petition of a creditor, but in October the proceedings were transferred to the High Court as the result of an application by the debenture-holders.

The company was registered in 1920 with a nominal capital of £600,000, and, according to the Official Receiver, "The circumstances of the promotion call for investigation. The methods employed by the promoters . . . indicate that they relied upon the eagerness of the public during a trade boom to provide them with an excessive profit. The question of financing the company appears to have been neglected."

Covering up the losses

After making the foregoing observations, the Receiver went on to state that the company had relied entirely upon advances from its bankers for working capital and funds to pay the cash purchase-price of its assets. The accounts showed bank overdrafts of £267,980 in December, 1920, £270,591 in February, 1921, and £294,731 in February, 1922.

The trading proved quite unprofitable. The company had made it part of its business to deal in cotton futures, and in this connection a loss of £4,900 was incurred in 1921 and £7,700 in 1922.

An attempt was made to cover up these losses, for instead of showing them separately in the accounts they were added to the cost of cotton in the spinning department!

Another point which was criticised by the Official Receiver was the paying of an interim dividend in 1920, which absorbed £15,000.

In his opinion, the trading conditions then prevailing demanded that this money should have been kept in reserve, and it should not have been used to give the company a false appearance of prosperity.

Early in 1922, it was decided to raise money by the issue of debentures.

The prospectus offering this new stock certified that the average annual profit of the company was £23,337. It was explained that this figure was based on trading results and had been arrived at after *omitting excess profits duty, income-tax, charges on loan, and directors' fees.* But the figures of these items were not disclosed.

However, the issue of debentures did not improve the company's position. It continued to be short of money, and was unable to meet the interest on debentures after December 1924.

The Receiver observed that the accounts at December, 1924, would have shown a heavy loss on trading if the directors had made proper provision for depreciation, and had not taken credit for an assumed appreciation of stock.

Extravagance condemned

The concluding remarks of the Receiver sum the whole matter up to a nicety. "The failure and insolvency of the company are attributable to the fact that its promotion, purchase of assets, and working arrangements were carried out in an extravagant manner, the company being, from its inception, without adequate working capital to conduct its business during a period of depression."

Countless people who are already awaiting the decision of the Public Prosecutor in regard to other cotton company catastrophes have also interests at stake in this new fiasco.

We appeal for an enquiry, in order that the victims will not only learn the true facts, but in order that the Board of Trade may be made to realise that something must be done to prevent such disastrous failures occurring in the future.

Kidby the Kidder

Gets His Deserts

SOME time ago we received a number of enquiries regarding a concern called C. F. Kidby, Ltd., of 7/9, City Road, London, E.C., Wireless Dealers.

From enquiries we made we were satisfied that the leading light of this concern, Mr. Charles Frederick Kidby, of "Roslyn House," Rushcroft Road, Brixton, was impudently kidding traders to send him goods for which he had no intention of paying.

* * *

Take one case. A Manchester reader supplied goods to the value of nearly £50. He pressed for his money, which was long overdue. He could not get it. Nor could he get the return of his goods—the reason being that Mr. Kidby had sold them and pocketed the money!

Another reader, to select a further case at random, supplied goods to the value of £10 in April last. Six months later he was still asking for his money. All he could get were excuses—and complaints from other traders similarly victimised.

* * *

After satisfying ourselves that Mr. Kidby had no intention of honouring his obligations, and having proof that he was still merrily engaged in the task of obtaining goods by false pretences, we took the liberty of exposing this wireless wangler in our issue of November 7 last, and later called upon the Public Prosecutor to institute criminal proceedings. The sequel is interesting.

Last week at Old Street Police Court, Mr. Kidby stood in the dock, together with a person named Alfred Sydney Taylor (whom we also exposed), on a charge of obtaining wireless goods with intent to defraud.

It was stated in evidence that when Kidby's house was searched, 152 statements of account were found from various firms from whom goods to the approximate value of £4,000 had been obtained. Only a few of these accounts have been met, and well over £3,000 is still owing.

It was also stated that at least two firms, through being kidded by Kidby, have been forced into the Bankruptcy Court, and that a large number of other traders are in serious financial difficulties.

Kidby and his associate Taylor were both sent to jail, and Mr. Clarke Hall, the magistrate, said, "It is fortunate for the public that people who have behaved as the defendants have should be brought to justice."

* * *

That is why we are glad that we were able to assist in getting justice done in this case, and why we shall continue to expose all rascals of the Kidby type without fear or favour.

Mr. Long Explains

Readers' Questions Answered

IN our issue of January 23 we published an article under the title of "A Rogue's Book of Secrets." We asked Mr. Long to answer certain questions. He has done so, and we publish his replies without making any comment thereon. Here they are:—

"I am proud of the action which I took for and on behalf of the shareholders in the various Howard Harvey concerns.

"Reference was made to the Aegis Land and Building Co., the British Road Train Corporation, the Manchester Commercial Bank, the Manchester Printing, Binding and Boxmaking Co., and so on, some of which have now headquarters at the offices of *British Industry and Finance.*

"The only company which is there is the Manchester Printing, Binding and Boxmaking Co.

"Another paragraph might convey the impression that I have been dealing in shares and selling them to people who do not understand. I do not deal in stocks and shares—I merely advise. I have advised people to sell bad shares and have been very successful.

Some return probable

"How I came to be connected with the Harvey companies was that the shareholders had written to me and I stepped in, put a stop to the business being conducted at Manchester by going on the board of the majority of the companies, together with several other gentlemen who had been victims, and made the old board resign.

"We wound up all companies except the Manchester Commercial Bank and the Manchester Printing, Binding and Boxmaking Co., which had substance. Negotiations have been going on for a considerable period for the sale of the bank.

"With regard to the Manchester Printing, Binding and Boxmaking Co., the income-tax was reduced and paid, but here the company's assets are in the possession of the Receiver. No expense is being incurred, and probably some return may come about.

The lion's share

"For the action which I have taken regarding the Manchester companies I have not received one penny, but I have obtained a considerable amount of goodwill and many of the shareholders in the Manchester companies are to-day subscribers to *British Industry and Finance:*

"I have not been able to get blood out of a stone, but I have made an effort which, considering the circumstances, has been successful. If I have not been able to obtain a repayment for all the shareholders through the Manchester companies themselves, I have been able to do something for them.

"If the shareholders get any return from the effort I am making, then I will participate — possibly for a lion's share."

A Colossal Blunder !

by LORD RATHCREEDAN (*A former Junior Lord of the Treasury*)

TO hold our own in industry out-of-date methods must be scrapped and new machinery installed. Many of the heads of the industrial world show incapacity for adopting these and they must give place to those who can do so

THE country is being asked to make a further substantial grant to the coal industry, bringing the total, since Mr. Baldwin embarked on his policy of subsidisation, up to £30,000,000.

This is a heavy premium to pay as insurance against a miners' strike. It is an outlay which, as taxpayers, some of us grudge exceedingly. As an emergency measure it may be justified.

There is a growing feeling among the public that there is no need for the coal industry to be on the dole, and that in more than one direction it might make additional profits, sufficient to put it on a prosperous footing.

A great additional revenue could be obtained from what is known as the pre-treatment of coal scientifically. By this means could be produced not only the smokeless fuel which would banish much of the soot and dirt from our big cities, but valuable by-products could be extracted which at present are simply thrown away.

The waste coal and coal dust which is dumped at the pithead represents wealth thrown away. Scientifically treated, it can produce tar, pitch, naphthalene, anthracene, sulphate of ammonia, and other chemicals having a real market value.

A practical policy

Gas can also be generated which might be used for factory and domestic purposes. Fuel coal, too, is wasted under the present antiquated system of distributing it exactly as it is brought to the pit-head.

Chemists have proved beyond dispute that 60,000,000 tons of coal so treated would yield over 60 per cent. of the national requirements in oil, and sufficient ammonia fertiliser to meet all the needs of agriculture and leave a surplus for export.

In addition, we could obtain sufficient chemicals to put us at the head of the world's suppliers, and thereby make us independent of foreign dyes.

From the coke left over, when the chemists had done their work, there would be enough to supply the whole of the domestic fuel needs of the country. Now this is no mere dream of a scientific crank. It is practical politics. It could be done to-morrow, were the coal-owners active on the point, and were the State to speak plainly to certain vested interests.

It is being done in Germany now. The Ruhr industry has, to a great extent, been rescued from virtual disaster by the extraction of by-products from coal. A revenue is being obtained from certain mines which ought to make our own coal-owners green with envy.

The latest peace victory

The irony of it is, too, that the Germans are working on British patents and what were originally British systems. We have the inventive brains, but, apparently, we lack the common-sense to apply our ideas.

The Germans are, no doubt, chuckling over their latest peace victory. While their coal-owners are using their wits, our masters of industry are content to dump their coal into railway wagons at the pit-head and bid the coal merchants godspeed in their unhallowed efforts to make the public pay as big a price as possible for the privilege of sending wealth, in the shape of untreated coal, literally up the chimney.

So much for the chemical side. It is commonly assumed that, technically and administratively, the industry of coal-mining in this country has little to learn. Experts before the Coal Commission, together with the owners, reiterate with monotonous uniformity that the only way out is for the humble miner to work harder and more efficiently.

This is nonsense. The miner is one of the hardest workers in the country and he knows his job. He has his faults like the rest of us, but the blame rests on other shoulders.

The mines are a very long way from what they should be. If some of the most progressive leaders in other industries had the matter in hand there would be some drastic changes.

Put on the scrap-heap

In other industries—I speak of those which are absolutely up to date—there is a periodic overhaul. Unproductive departments or departments with excessive overhead expenditures are generally stripped bare of unnecessary liabilities or closed down altogether. Inefficient or unsuitable machinery is either scrapped or sent to the auctioneer and modern plant is installed in its place.

Intricate and over-elaborate methods of production are simplified and the course of manufacture from the entrance of the raw material to its exit in the shape of the finished article is designed to cut down transport to the minimum and avoid unnecessary operations.

I have heard it stated that if we applied these principles to coal-mining, as a whole, there is little doubt that some remarkable changes would take place. I have many good friends in the coal industry, and I tell them quite frankly that their organisation is in many cases antiquated.

Their equipment is thirty years behind the times. It may or may not be possible to use machinery entirely for coal-getting, but it is difficult to explain away the fact that only 18.7 per cent. of the total coal in Great Britain is mined by machinery, while in the United States it is 67 per cent., and in the Ruhr 70 per cent.

Profitable alliance

It is not only possible, but eminently practicable, to use electrical machinery for all those processes connected with mining. Here, again, it has been estimated that less than 45 per cent. of all such processes are electrified in Britain; in the Ruhr the corresponding figure is about 80 per cent. The saving through complete electrification alone would mean millions of pounds annually to the coal industry.

Again, there is no question of theory. The machinery is lying waiting to be used. The only sound excuse for not employing it is lack of capital. But few enterprises need to beg for capital for purposes calculated to improve their earning capacity.

Closely bound up with the future of coal is the reform and expansion of electrical undertakings. This is not a matter which is in the hands of the coal industry itself, though it is deeply affected. Nor can it be left to the electrical undertakings, which, at the moment, are virtually uncontrolled.

It is for the Government, through the Electricity Commissioners, to step in. With the co-operation of both industries they can work miracles.

Fuel is, of course, a vital factor in the production of electricity. It is possible to combine the production of fuel and the generation of the supply in such a way as to show substantial economies in both undertakings.

Lord Rathcreedan

As an industry, electricity has, of course, no concern whatever with the effective utilisation of our fuel resources. Its main concern is, naturally, to get its coal as cheaply as it can and make a profit out of the sale of electricity.

But the nation and the coal industry have a very deep concern in the matter. Electrical undertakings can be worked in co-operation with the mining industry, combining the pre-treatment of coal with the generation of electrical power.

Revenue from refuse

There is no reason why, for a commencement, power-stations of medium size which are at the moment supplying electricity for mining purposes, should not, with very little adaptation, burn low-grade fuel as sent out of the pits, and supply power in bulk to authorised electricity distributors.

Such a scheme would mean that millions of tons of stuff thrown on the spoil-heaps could be utilised and provide a further source of revenue to the coal industry. Again we must go to Germany for an example.

There the principle is in operation of power-stations burning brown coal. Something like 40 per cent. of the total national supply of electrical power is derived in this way. Why should not waste coal account for 40 per cent. of Britain's electrical power ?

The chief point I want to make is that by the scientific treatment of coal, better organisation of industry, co-operation with the electricity undertakings, and in other directions, the mining industry can be made to pay, and pay well.

This fact is known to the miners. These men are not fools. Taken as a whole, they are possibly the most intelligent section of the industrial community. Is it any wonder that there is unrest in the coal-fields ?

Asking too much

Why should the miner, who works long hours at an arduous and dangerous occupation for a pittance, be asked to bear the brunt of the present period of depression, when without sacrifice by the employers the mines could be made to pay ?

And why, again, should the taxpayer be asked to stand the loss in the shape of a £30,000,000 subsidy, when the miners set their face against wage reductions and longer hours ?

The resources of our coal-fields are being wasted. We, the public, are paying for it. We have a right to know the reason why.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities; Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I understand that the Parliamentary Session until Easter will deal exclusively with finance, a matter which certainly needs attention. This, of course, includes the estimates for unemployment benefit. There is work in the country urgently waiting to be done and anxious men able and willing to be employed on it. I urge you to ignore those trying to hamper your activities. The country still believes in you. Give it reason for continuing to hold this confidence, and show that you have the courage of your convictions by getting on with your job.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord SOUTHWARK,
Devonshire Place, W.1.

DEAR SIR,—I agree with you we are not getting from our elementary schools the exact type of worker we wish to see. The fault lies neither with the teachers nor the curriculum, but the niggardly treatment handicrafts receive at the hands of the Ministry of Education. We don't want a nation of clerks, but neither do we want one composed entirely of machine minders. Handicraft must be restored to its ancient pride of place. A beautiful country can only be made by citizens taught how to build beautiful cities and make beautiful things. Until that side of education is recognised at Whitehall I fear you'll see little improvement.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice EVE,
Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD,—I welcome your common-sense decision in regard to a bequest of the late Miss Eliza Moore in favour of the deaf and dumb. Claims were put forward by several societies who wished to benefit by the bequest. It was obvious, however, that this generous woman intended to name no particular institution, but to place her bounty at the disposal of those who were robbed of these faculties. By striking out all legal technicalities, you revealed a practical instinct of justice not always shown by occupants of the Bench.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. BEN TILLETT,
Transport and General Workers' Union.

DEAR SIR,—I don't like your picture of a world drawn up in battle array, with capitalists on one side and organised labour on the other. Humanity cannot be classified in this fashion. Neither can world financiers "command common resources of human life and determine international human relationships" unless the peoples are willing.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice HILL,
Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD,—I observe that you and learned counsel have been at great pains to arrive at the exact meaning of the word "connive." To the layman it would appear that the husband or wife who connives at his or her partner's adultery must be so sick of their marriage as to make its continuance a blatant indecency. But, of course, this is not law, though I venture to predict it soon will be.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir A. K. YAPP,
National Secretary, Y.M.C.A.

DEAR SIR,—You have instituted a world-wide enquiry to find out what youth is thinking. Replies are coming in from all quarters of the globe. I await their analysis with interest. The destinies of life are no longer safe in the hands of the aged and pessimistic. Our young men could build us a better world. They could hardly make a bigger mess of it.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. PEAKS,
Albert Villa, Lewisham.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I gladly add your names to the honourable list of those who have passed the fiftieth milestone of their wedded journey and are faithful companions and lovers yet. May you both live to celebrate many more such anniversaries! This inconstant age is in need of just the sort of example you set.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. MAUD THURGOOD,
Barrett's Grove, Stoke Newington.

DEAR MADAM,—Your plucky action in bringing to book a butcher who sold you foreign meat for English, charging English prices, is commendable. A few more private individuals willing to face publicity of this sort might stir the Government to action, and put an end to this mean form of trickery and robbery.

JOHN BULL.

To BERT TANNER,
Barry Island.

DEAR SIR,—You are a man of exceptional bravery, whose disregard of terrible risks saved the lives of four workmates. When a terrific explosion took place sixty feet underground in the bottom chamber of Lady Windsor lock, you descended the manhole, and, in spite of choking smoke and fumes, carried the semi-conscious and injured men to safety. Nor would you desist until you yourself were overcome. I shake you by the hand.

JOHN BULL.

To ANNIE COMPTON,
Waterloo Street, St. Luke's, E.C.

DEAR ANNIE,—At fifteen and a half years of age you have given up work on your own behalf to become a "little mother" to your brothers and sisters in place of the one they have lost. She, poor soul, worn out by her experiences, died suddenly. You announce your intention to "do your best" to take her place. May you have every help and consideration from those nearest, and health and strength to carry on with your self-appointed task.

JOHN BULL.

To ERNIE JARVIS,
Millwall Flyweight.

DEAR JARVIS,—You have just returned from your American tour, where, no doubt, you gave a capital account of yourself in the ring. But better than your boxing achievements was the heroic humanity displayed in jumping on the rails and rescuing a man from certain death just in the nick of time as a train approached. For this you received a cup. No wonder your mother's kiss, as she greeted you home, was one of both thankfulness and pride.

JOHN BULL.

To the Misses ELUNED and GWYN WILLIAMS
Llanrwst, North Wales.

MESDAMES,—When a sudden rise in the river Conway endangered the life of a pony marooned by the flood, you lost no time in seeking aid, but waded waist deep through the fast-flowing current, and after an arduous struggle lasting an hour succeeded in getting the terrified animal to safety. You richly deserve the title of heroines with which your admiring neighbours have greeted you. It was a plucky and humane deed.

JOHN BULL.

POOR OLD DAD!

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—"We have had enough fighting among ourselves. I am prepared to make many sacrifices for the sake of unity."

Pity you didn't think of it in time to sacrifice the fighting that led to disunity.

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MR. CHURCHILL:—"Every class and Party has its pet economy and its pet extravagance."

It's your business to check the extravagance and get on with the economies.

* * *

MR. A. J. COOK:—"What the Labour movement is lacking at the moment politically is a lead."

They say open confession is good for the soul.

* * *

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH:—"Public ownership existed long before the Socialists."

It existed since creation. The trouble comes from those who make a business of filching ownership from the public.

Without Fear or Favour—*by The Editor*

WHO IS BEING SHIELDED?

Where Waste Rules

WE do not for a moment doubt that Mr. Baldwin was speaking the literal truth when he said the other day: "Unless great economics are secured—and I cannot state this too definitely—an increase in taxation, either this year or next, whatever Government is in power, will be inevitable."

Clearly the nation cannot stagger along much longer under the terrific burden of a Budget of £800,000,000 that is always tending towards a further increase.

But we may be pardoned for doubting whether such economies as are effected will either be in the right direction or of a sufficiently drastic nature to make much difference.

No Government—Conservative, Liberal or Labour—has so far had either the pluck or the vision to strike at the root of the nation's disease.

Men suffer largely from their own folly, and we are being bled white today because we refuse to acknowledge the futility of pouring ever-increasing sums into the waste of armaments.

There could be no more absolute waste than this. Armaments produce nothing—unless it be distrust, suspicion and fear—and they are an investment that pays no dividends save of blood and tears.

Will Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill have the courage to cut down this appalling waste?

Will the nation have the wit to insist that economy shall take place where the waste is most palpable?

Unless this is done there is little hope of any real saving being effected.

The whole world is waiting for a lead on this question of disarmament that, so long as it remains unsolved, is crushing the life out of the nations. No country could give the lead with such effect as ours.

Commercial Crime

IT is held by many experts that, in the long run, crime does not pay.

This view is correct only up to a point. There are certain avenues of crime which do pay, and that handsomely. They are mainly in the commercial world, and may be classed roughly as "Long Firm Frauds."

There is no disputing the fact that there are scores of rogues up and down the country who have, at little risk to themselves, amassed fortunes by means of fraudulent bankruptcy.

It is easy for them to dodge the law, and we are therefore glad to see that manufacturers themselves, through the Federation of British Industries, are taking the matter in hand by means of an information exchange.

In the short space of fourteen weeks there has already been compiled a warning list of 800 firms to avoid, many deliberately engaged in fraud.

We wish the scheme success, and have ourselves lent a helping hand by placing at the disposal of the Federation our comprehensive dossiers of "long-firmers" and other commercial crooks.

A Grave Travesty of Justice

"TO no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay, right or justice." So says Magna Charta. Yet things are happening to-day that make these words a mockery and a farce

IN our view the time has come when the Government can no longer ignore the amazing case of Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant. Let us recapitulate the facts.

Miss Pennant, in 1918, relinquished a lucrative post at the special request of the Air Council to become Commandant of the Women's Royal Air Force.

Prevented from remedying certain irregularities, she tendered her resignation. It was refused on the ground that her services were too valuable to be dispensed with.

Ten days later she was summarily dismissed. No adverse report was made against her. There was no enquiry, and no reference to the Air Council.

Later it transpired that she had been dismissed on allegations from outside—allegations never revealed to her and never investigated.

Still later there was a House of Lords enquiry. These allegations were referred to by members of the Government in the gravest possible terms and were accepted as the reason for her dismissal. Yet no attempt was made to bring the charges into the open or discuss the evidence on which they were based.

Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant

And it has never been revealed from what source these allegations originated.

This was long ago, yet Miss Pennant remains to-day under an unproved moral stigma, ruined officially and financially, unable to get the elementary justice from those in authority that is the right of every citizen.

BY what mysterious and unknown principle of justice was Miss Pennant tried and condemned on secret evidence, without any knowledge of the charge against her, and without access to the evidence in support of the charge?

We challenge any member of the Bar to say that this procedure accords at any point with the fundamental principles of British justice.

We have before us copies of letters that have passed between Miss Pennant and Col. Sir Ronald Waterhouse, Secretary to the Prime Minister.

Writing on behalf of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Col. Waterhouse said:

"The Prime Minister greatly deplores the state of affairs which you represented to me, and desires me to emphasise the views from which he has never departed, namely, that there is no foundation whatever in any available records for the allegation that secret statements reflecting upon yourself were the cause of your dismissal, and that any such insinuations, in the form in which they are described, are therefore not only absolutely unpardonable but grossly defamatory and untrue."

Then why were they made, and why were they accepted without enquiry? What—or who—induced responsible Ministers to act on these "absolutely unpardonable, grossly defamatory and untrue insinuations"?

WHY does Mr. Baldwin follow the precedent set by Mr. MacDonald and withhold justice from Miss Pennant?

Charges based on secret evidence are open to the gravest suspicion. Who is being shielded—and why?

The Government may be assured that the British people will not rest until this matter has been probed to the bottom.

At present it constitutes a grave blot on the country's honour.

Beams and Motes

STRONG feelings have been aroused by the recent Turkish massacres of subject Christians, and several meetings have been organised by the Churches to discuss the position.

Incidentally, funds are being solicited for these unfortunates.

Now we do not like Turkish massacres of Christians any more than do the Churches, but we are continually surprised at the readiness with which the Churches fly to the succour of distressed Christians abroad while complacently ignoring the sufferings of Christians at home.

Are not the children of this country being massacred every day in the foul and reeking slums of our great cities? Are not the women of this country being forced in thousands by economic pressure into a degradation of soul and body every whit as terrible as the fate of their sisters abroad?

Is there no ruthlessness, no brutality, no hypocrisy or stain at home that merits the challenge of the Churches? Are our cities and our factories, our mines and our fields havens of sunlit peace that the Churches must fly to Armenia before they can find work to do?

Are the sufferings of Assyrian Christians of more account than the sufferings of British unemployed—who also are Christians?

Yet we wait in vain for the Churches to organise meetings for the discussion of vital problems like these, and many of those who write cheques for distressed Christians abroad would not give a penny piece for the babies of Hoxton and Bethnal Green.

Charity is a cardinal virtue—but it should begin at home.

Footling Finance

THOUSANDS of new houses and bungalows have been built near the River Thames, and shelters chosen for summer residences have to be occupied all the year round owing to the housing shortage.

This means that many thousands of men, women and children are annually placed in peril of floods, as recent experience has shown, and unnecessarily so, because the overflowing of the waters can be prevented.

Twelve years ago engineers prepared a scheme to prevent floods throughout the whole length of the Thames Valley. Their main proposals stand.

The residential areas could be freed from floods, even at to-day's price, at a cost of five million pounds—an expenditure which might well return ten-fold to the local authorities concerned in the increased rateable value of the land reclaimed.

But if not, why should not the Government undertake the job?

For the tax-payer who, after all, is the real paymaster, to continue to pay out huge sums for unemployment benefit while honest work of this nature waits for doing, is neither economical nor reasonable. It smacks of simple madness.

What Fools We Are!

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

TOO much foul play; too much foul work. Such is the verdict given against our so-called leaders. This dishonesty leads to distrust between nations and is the cause of all our trouble. Politicians of all nations must "play the game"

Sir John Higgins

ONE of the strangest stories in the annals of religious conversion concerns so simple a thing as a joint of hot roast beef. It sounds laughable; but the facts are important.

A man came out of prison and was met by a faithful friend who had long been trying to save him from the abject wretchedness into which his criminal habits had plunged him. One Sunday this faithful friend took the miserable criminal into his house—a working-man's house—and there a joint of roast beef was presently set on the table, hot from the fire.

The sight of such unwonted luxury brought home to the poor criminal, as nothing else had been able to do, *a sense of what he was losing*. What he had done did not so much trouble him as what he had lost. He longed to have a clean home, a happy wife and a real good Sunday dinner.

This simple but vigorous longing of his led the way to a complete change of life and also to an absolutely changed soul.

Let us apply this true story to the present plight of the British people. We are having a hard time. Not only are hundreds of thousands of good and able men existing wretchedly on what is called the "dole," but the best scholars of our national schools are breaking their young hearts for want of a start in life.

A cloudy sky

We are in deep water, and there is no strong sign in the tempestuous sky of a lasting change.

Not only this. We are like an armed camp; there is no more indication of unity among politicians than there is of Christian brotherhood in the various classes of the nation. If ever a house was divided against itself that house is the British house.

Now, suppose someone could set before us a joint of roast beef in the shape of an idea which would reveal all this misery and suffering, all this division and bitterness, as things which need not be, as things which we could throw off and stand clear of, if only we made up our minds to do so.

Is it not possible that such a revelation might create in us a spirit of hope and enthusiasm, and string us up for the great effort which real prosperity always demands?

Such an idea was presented to me some months ago, but in confidence, by one of the clearest-headed men in the British Empire, Sir John Higgins of Australia, whose handling of metals and wool at a time when our security hung on a hair was the despairing admiration of the Germans, and one powerful cause of their defeat.

Each for each

Sir John Higgins has now written on this matter, and therefore I feel myself free to put his idea before the readers of JOHN BULL.

The British Empire, our property, consists of 13,272,744 square miles, and includes the finest climates and the richest soils in the whole wide world. Its population is just under 450,000,000. Would you not say that if so vast a body of people intelligently administered so huge an estate there would be plenty for all, and no need of dependence on other countries?

Our resources, according to Sir John Higgins, are inexhaustible, and yet he tells us that *no serious effort has ever been made to develop these stupendous riches.*

You reply to this, "We have had Imperial conferences, haven't we? Why, the papers have been full of such things for years." Quite true, But Sir John Higgins tells us that those conferences have failed because they all started with a wrong idea.

What was the idea? Each part of the British Empire came to the conference table to see what it could get out of the general wealth. Failure was bound to follow. Great estates cannot be developed along sectarian lines.

Heads together, hearts asunder

Sir John Higgins proposes another conception. He wants us all to think of the Empire as a unity, and to assemble in order to decide how we can develop the Empire as a single whole. Merely by changing our conception of the Empire in this simple and rational way, he believes that we could sweep slums and unemployment clean off the British map and enter on a century of progress such as the world has never known.

I need not here go into the details which Sir John Higgins has worked out with extraordinary thoroughness; but I may mention that if his plans were carried out, we could stabilise the prices for all our raw materials, make employment regular, lower the cost of living to a point which would render poverty a crime, and exercise so powerful an influence for world peace that no nation would dare to flout us by military adventures.

Such a prospect, which many practical men who have examined the plans agree is absolutely feasible, ought to put us in a new frame of mind and turn our thoughts away from suffering and despair to hope and cheerfulness.

On that head I want to quote certain words of Ruskin which a writer in the *Syren* has aptly taken as a test for the future of the British people!

"Your English watchword is 'Fair play'; your English hatred 'Foul play'; did it ever strike you that you wanted another watchword also, 'Fair work'; and another hatred also, 'Foul work'?

"It is useless to put your heads together if you can't put your hearts together.

"Shoulder to shoulder, right hand to right hand among yourselves, and no wrong hand to anyone else, and you'll win the world yet."

These words I quote in order to suggest that it is time we acted on Ruskin's new watchword, and also cultivated in our minds his new hatred. We are in our present muddle largely because there is far too much foul play, and far too much foul work, in our midst.

There are men in our midst trying to wreck the prosperity of the nation, and striving to help the plotting Russians to overthrow the British Empire. We see them at work, and either mistake them for true champions of the working-classes, or dismiss them with contempt as mere agitators.

What we have got to do is to see those men as sowers of seeds fatal to the harvests of prosperity—the seeds of disunion, strife, hatred, illwill and black suspicion.

"No more foul work" makes the best slogan I can think of for a great Imperial people rising up from narrow views and petty squabbles to make their heritage the glory and the wonder of the world.

Our pitiful absorption

Trivial and ridiculous and contemptible seem all the disputes which tear us asunder, and depress us into poverty, and make our little island our prison, directly we realise that by unity of heart and will we could make the British Commonwealth of Nations the greatest economic Power ever known in the history of mankind.

Pitiful is our absorption in quarrels between Capital and Labour, when the vast world of the British Empire is crying out to us for our attention, our faith, and our affection.

The Back-door

The liberty of the Press must be jealously guarded. Present laws provide ample safeguard against licence

A RAGING campaign is being waged just now with the object of pushing through Parliament a Bill to clean up the Press. Quite a lot of well-meaning, pure and high-minded people are following this anti-filth flag. But they don't, I suggest, quite know where they are going, although they think they do.

Mr. H. M. Richardson

They look at the text of the Bills and see that it is intended to make it punishable to publish any indecent matter.

"Excellent," they exclaim.

And their enthusiasm grows when they read further that in any judicial proceedings for dissolution of marriage, for nullity of marriage, or for judicial separation, the reporter shall be limited to reporting (1) the names, addresses and description of the parties and witnesses; (2) the grounds on which the proceedings are brought and resisted as set forth in the petition and answer; (3) submissions on points of law; (4) the summing-up of the judge and the finding of the jury.

All this, the misguided, well-meaning man may say, puts a ban on the publication of anything which might corrupt the young and innocent mind.

Where I differ from the agitators who think they are on the side of the angels is that I believe: (1) that the present law can do all that the new Bills aim at doing, and (2) that while the new Bills might preserve the purity of little people they would open the door pretty wide to blackmail.

IMAGINE what could happen. Mr. X seeks an absolute divorce. He alleges that Mrs. X. has misconducted herself with Messrs. Y and Z. Mrs. X answers that Mr. X has thrashed her every Saturday night and has induced her to sell herself to Messrs. Y and Z. There is no limit to the things they can say about each other or about Y and Z. And all those things can be stated in the paper so long as they are in the petition or answer, and there is no indecent detail.

But no evidence may be published to show how

Alfred's Little Bomb!

by A. G. GARDINER

POLITICS are in the melting-pot and the public is left in doubt as to the future. The Government shows itself to be helpless, and there is no united Opposition. A way out of this condition of things must be found or disaster will ensue

The Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Mond

WHAT Carlyle used to call the Talking Shop is open again, and we are about to see what we shall see. For the moment the question is, What is the future of the political Parties? In the general mix-up it is difficult to know what the new formation of politics is going to be, and where anybody stands in relation to anybody else.

The bomb which Sir Alfred Mond exploded on the eve of the meeting of Parliament has set all tongues wagging, and all the prophets prophesying. Sir Alfred is not a name of first-rate importance, and the solar system will not be seriously disturbed by his displacement. But he is a first-rate second-class man, with great knowledge of affairs and a good Parliamentary reputation.

I do not admire the circumstances in which he has chosen to change his Party, but he is as much entitled to change it if he wants to change it as anybody else, and I find in no quarter anything but indignation at the uncouth gibe which his old friend and colleague Mr. Lloyd George has flung after him.

But his action is important as illustrating the sixes-and-sevens of the Party situation. Politics are in the melting-pot and it is not easy to forecast in what shape they are coming out. Up to the war politicians were mobilised in two camps. When the Blues were in the Buffs were out, and *vice versa*.

Archangels and archfiends

It was all simple and plain sailing. We voted Blue or we voted Buff. We believed that Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith was an archangel or an archfiend according to our taste; hurrahed when our particular archangel won and went into political mourning when he lost.

And so the world wagged. But it wags so no longer. The war made the Labour Party and broke the Liberal Party, and the result is that instead of two formations in the House—a Government and an Opposition—we have three.

This may seem a small matter. It is, on the contrary, a very great matter. For the principle of our system in the past was that there was always an alternative Government. If the men in power lost the confidence of Parliament, there was always an alternative Government, represented by the solid Opposition.

But there is no longer one Opposition. There are two Oppositions which dislike each other rather more than they dislike the Government, and which command in the country respectively enough votes to keep the other out of office. So there is no alternative Government.

Mutiny on board

That is a very grave fact. It means, so long as it continues, that office will always be held by a Government elected by a minority of the electorate. That is bad, whatever our political views may be, because the essence of popular government is that the majority for the time being shall rule.

The crux of the situation is the future of the Liberal Party. It was hit hard by the war, during which it was muzzled in the country while the Labour Party was making hay, and it was shattered by Mr. Lloyd George at the Coalition election in 1918.

Mr. Lloyd George was then out for personal government, with himself as the person and all the Parties as his amiable instruments. He chivied those of his old colleagues who had not been obedient to his will out of their seats, and left the Liberal Party in fragments.

Then, unfortunately for his scheme of dictatorship, the Conservatives threw him over, and he returned to his old fold on the principle of "any port in a storm." But his old friends did not trust him, and he did not trust them.

They were very hard up, and he was very rich with the garnerings of the Coalition years. He did not hand over his purse to the Party, but kept it, and keeps it as a separate fund against a political rainy day.

In addition, he formulated his own land policy, and left it to be understood that if it were not accepted he would break the Party again. No one knows whether he has leanings to the right or the left.

Sometimes he is supposed to be hankering after the reconstruction of the Coalition; sometimes he seems to be throwing his cap to the Conservatives; sometimes he is suspected of a flirtation with Labour.

In these circumstances, Liberalism drifts like a water-logged vessel with a perpetual mutiny on board. And so it will go on drifting until Jonah is thrown overboard or gets out his dinghy which is no doubt always in readiness to take him and his Party fund to some more seaworthy vessel which will give him a welcome, and on which he can hoist the Jolly Roger or any other flag that may be convenient.

Meanwhile the Party, still powerful in the country, loses authority in the State. Men with inclinations to the right drift to the Conservatives, men with inclinations to the left to Labour. If Labour dropped its pedantic Socialism and cut off its Communist tail, things would right themselves.

Hopeless and disgruntled

But so long as it is hag-ridden by outworn economic theories, people who believe in the Liberal idea of a freeman within a free State, the freedom of trade, the abolition of class privilege and the provision of an equal opportunity for all, will preserve their identity, no matter what storms blow within or without.

While this situation continues we shall have a Parliamentary structure which is a denial of popular government. We shall have a Ministry, but no alternative Ministry. The Ministry will rest not upon the majority of votes cast at the election, but on a minority, as the present Ministry rests.

That is bad for Parties and bad for the country. It means that the Government lives not by the country's approval of its actions, but by the enmities of the Opposition. It means that the Opposition will never have the healthy experience of office, but will be disgruntled factions, hopeless of office and responsibility and losing the authority which only attaches to a potential alternative Government.

The element of choice

Is there any way out of this *impasse* into which Parliamentary government has fallen? I see no possibility of restoring the two-Party system. I wish I did, for I am sure no better instrument has ever been discovered or will ever be discovered for the free and effective play of public opinion upon public affairs.

It gave us a Government and its corollary, an alternative Government, and it is the element of choice which is the vital principle of the Parliamentary system.

We must recover that choice in some form, if Parliament is to remain an efficient instrument of government. I have no love for Proportional Representation; but if we have to choose between that and a permanent condition of minority government, we shall be compelled to adopt it as the lesser evil. It would, at all events, get Parliament out of the one-horse rut into which it has fallen.

...oor to Blackmail

By H. M. RICHARDSON

(General Secretary, National Union of Journalists)

much or how little substance there is in the allegations. A cheerful prospect for Y and Z, whose names may be coupled in the papers with Mrs. X and be subsequently withdrawn without the reporter being able to say so!

AND what a beautiful chance for the blackmailer who sits in the court and hears all, and then approaches one of the parties and tells him that for a consideration he will keep his mouth shut about what has been said in court.

But let us get to the larger issue. Is it really true, as the Bills and the Archbishop of York and Sir Evelyn Cecil suggest, that indecent matter is published in the newspapers?

If it is true, these gentlemen have, I believe, merely to lay an information with the Public Prosecutor and the editors can be brought to trial, and if found guilty, severely punished.

But are all the people behind the campaign really concerned about the preservation of public morals, or are they concerned to shield the corrupt lives of some of the smart set?

If the former, why do they start on the facts of real life? In real life—at least so far as it is revealed in the law courts—vice generally comes a cropper. The young person who reads the papers comes to the conclusion that virtue is safer.

I seriously suggest that the amount of vice would be infinitely greater than it is if knowledge of evil obtained through the public Press was an incitement to evildoing instead of a deterrent.

But fiction teems, if not with downright indecencies, at least with purple passages that are provocative of passions that may be evil. And as presented in novels and on the stage sin often has a glamour that is denied it in the dock or the cell.

IF the conspiracy of silence suggested by this prospective legislation were really in the interests of public morality and not in the interests of private immorality, I submit that the sponsors, instead of trying to swat the newspaper gnat of fact, should try to overtake the corrupting camel of fiction.

My personal belief is that knowledge of evil is not conducive to evil; that more young persons go wrong through ignorance than through knowledge, no matter how acquired; and that in any event the risks of injury to public morality by publicity are not to be compared with the risks that would accrue from suppression.

Week-end luxury
How pleasant is the thought of the week-end with its chance for a little luxury and beneficial relaxation.
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A DEADLY DINNER

THE SCANDAL OF DISEASED MEAT

Shocking Revelations of Slaughterhouses

MOST of us eat meat at least once each week; many eat it, in some form or other, practically every day. We regard it as necessary for the maintenance of health and vigour; yet we do not interest ourselves in ensuring that the meat we eat is free from disease.

The problem of a pure food supply is one of the most vital of any which can confront a nation, yet it is a tragic fact that our methods of food inspection are not merely a blot upon our reputation, but a grave danger to the health of our people.

We will give what may be a repulsive illustration. The blood of an animal killed in a slaughterhouse is drawn off into a receptacle and afterwards sold to a factory for manufacture into food for human consumption, or supplied to hospitals which are regular customers. One carcase, on opening, may be found to be full of disease and be condemned; the next one may be clean. The blood from both goes into the same receptacle!

Inspection as a side-line

Our law-makers have laid it down that the carcases of all animals killed for food shall be, when possible, inspected, but they have done very little to render probable, or even possible, adequate inspection.

The quality of the inspection varies from district to district with the qualifications of the person inspecting, or the time that that official can spare from other duties. There is an official list of thirty-two diseases, any one of which renders a carcase, with all its organs and viscera, liable to seizure.

Does anyone suggest that a plumber, a carpenter, a compositor, a bricklayer, a florist, a surveyor, a stonemason, a dispenser, a school teacher, or a tram conductor (to mention the callings of a few of the people who have carried out the duties of meat inspection) can be expected to recognise all these diseases?

Why meat improved

During the war certain centres were selected at which all animals intended for human consumption, within a certain radius, were ordered to be slaughtered. Islington Cattle Market was one of these centres. In one year, under control, roughly two and a quarter million pounds of meat were condemned as diseased and unfit for food.

When control was removed the amount dropped to one-fifth the weight. Why the drop in the amount of diseased meat?

The reason is simply that Islington happens to have an efficient system of inspection. Now that people are not compelled to send their cattle to Islington, doubtful cattle will be killed in the areas where inspection is below the Islington standard, and cut up into joints and eaten.

Last year in Smithfield Market 409 pig carcases and 3,116 pigs' heads were seized and condemned. It probably came from districts where there is no real inspection, and from butchers who didn't recognise the signs of disease or thought they could deceive a skilled inspector.

Deception easy

The truth is that the amount of meat condemned at Smithfield and other big markets where there is efficient inspection bears no relation to the amount kept away from such markets by fear of seizure, and which is, instead, sold in districts where such sale is comparatively safe.

It often happens that a skilled butcher can so treat a carcase by hiding or obliterating signs of disease that an unskilled inspector is easily deceived, but some of the inspectors do not need deceiving.

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health

There was a case in the Midlands recently in which an inspector examined and passed a carcase of beef. It was sent to a neighbouring town, and the inspector of that town not only condemned the beef but prosecuted the man who had bought it. The man was fined £10.

In another case (in Lancashire) a butcher bought a quantity of meat which had been examined and passed that day. Just as it was being delivered at his shop an inspector happened to be passing. He examined the meat, telephoned for the officer of health, who condemned it, and the butcher was fined.

How greatly the standard of inspection varies is shown quite clearly by the fact that what is regarded as unfit for human consumption in one town is regarded as fit in another.

Lagging behind

Where there is a low standard of inspection, or absence of inspection, men, women, and children are being poisoned by diseased meat, simply because we are behind every Continental country, behind our Colonies, and behind the States.

In these countries animals for human consumption can be killed only in registered abattoirs and inspected before as well as after the slaughter by qualified veterinary surgeons. In the majority of the German States the superintendent of the abattoir must be a "vet."

Scotland and Ireland also have taken steps towards a uniform system and standard of skilled inspection. The Public Health (Meat) Regulations (Scotland) of 1924 are designed to place the inspection of meat in the hands of veterinary surgeons and medical officers of health.

The new Local Government Board Act (1925) of the Irish Free State enacts that in every sanitary authority one of the inpectors must be a "vet." We still lag behind, for it is foolish to expect medical officers of health to carry on the work.

Few of them know anything about meat inspection, such knowledge not being necessary for the acquisition of the Diploma of Public Health which qualifies them for the positions they hold—an omission in itself a criticism of the Ministry of Health.

Stern punishment

Before we can hope to get a real system of meat inspection, the number of slaughterhouses must be reduced.

There ought to be one central slaughterhouse for each rural district and one for each town, with fixed hours between which the slaughtering must take place, so that an inspector can examine each beast before and after death.

That inspector ought to be a "vet.," who should be given the legal right now given only to medical officers of health and sanitary inspectors to enter premises and inspect and seize diseased food.

As already stated, in the States beasts are examined by "vets." before and after death. The carcases fit for human food are stamped "U.S. Inspected and Passed," and those found unfit are stamped "U.S. Inspected and Condemned."

Any carrier found transporting or receiving for transportation any carcases, meat, or meat food products which are not marked "U.S. Inspected and Passed" may be punished by a fine not exceeding $10,000, or imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both.

Terrible alternative

Under the Public Health (Meat) Regulations (1924) for England, local authorities can insist on the stamping of all meat examined in their area if they satisfy the Minister of Health of the competence of their inspectors, and if each animal is inspected at the time of slaughter with all its organs in position.

Not one authority has taken advantage of this clause, but if all slaughtering were centralised and all inspections standardised and carried out by competent men, the Minister of Health could issue a compulsory order for the marking of all meat passed as fit for human consumption, and if a heavy punishment were awarded to all caught handling unstamped meat the poisoned beef scandal would soon be wiped out.

The alternative is nothing less than the continued murder by poison of innocent people or such a wholesale undermining of health as render them easy victims to disease.

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Pint-Pot Profits

WE hear a great deal about profiteering in food. If a shopkeeper sells a leg of mutton or a pound of butter at a copper or two more than need be, or filches an illicit halfpenny or two by the miserable expedient of short weight, there is rightly a popular outcry.

Meanwhile one of the most gigantic of all post-war profiteering ramps is allowed to pass almost unchallenged. For swollen profits and wholesale extortion, the brewery interests are well in the front rank.

The brewers stand indicted for charging an unduly high price for what is above all a working man's drink. Beer, while being notoriously of poorer quality than before the war, has risen enormously in price.

Admittedly a large proportion of the increased price represents taxation, and finds its way into the revenue. But, after allowing for that, we find that the brewers are left with a colossal balance in their favour.

An astounding increase

Their average profits, as will presently be shown, are nearly three times as high as before the war, in spite of steadily increased reserve funds and the writing down of properties to the minimum figure, and all predominantly at the working-man's expense!

The working-man's memory is said to be short, but it is not so short that he has forgotten the price of beer in the halcyon days before the war. Sold in some counties at 2d. and in others at 3d., it had a comfortable average of about 2½d. a pint.

Now the average is between 6d. and 7d., which represents an increase of between 140 and 180 per cent.

Beer, as we all know, is not the only thing that has "gone up" since 1914. According to the Ministry of Labour index figure, the increased cost of maintaining in a working-class household the same standard as before the war is in the neighbourhood of 75 per cent. Beer has therefore risen more than twice as much as the rest of the items in the working-man's budget.

Who gets the benefit?

Who gets the benefit? Certainly not the publican, whose margin of profit on the retail of beer and spirits is far from being excessive.

The State, of course, takes a very substantial share of the increased price of the pint. It is common knowledge that taxation has risen enormously. In 1913 beer duty was 7s. 8d. a standard barrel; to-day it is about 80s.

Translated into terms of revenue, the State received for the financial year ended March 31, 1913, a total of £13,227,832. For the year ended March 31, 1925, the corresponding figure was £81,987,330. In other words, for every penny the worker paid to the State in pre-war days for the privilege of indulging in beer, he now pays nearly 6¼d.

It is a sobering reflection, but one which is not quite so liable to cause the habitually thirsty to turn to thoughts of spring water or something equally "pussyfoot" as a calm survey of the brewers' balance-sheets.

Swelling bloated profits

To realise that any extra tribute one may be called upon to pay for the "luxury" of alcohol is finding its way back to the community in the shape of public service is always some compensation. It is less consoling to know that every drop consumed is helping to swell the already bloated profits of one of the wealthiest of all the vested interests.

Yet such is the case. While the country is still passing through a long-drawn-out depression, with a million and a half unemployed, and with many of our vital industries on the verge of bankruptcy, the breweries are enjoying a period of unheard-of prosperity.

It would be hard to find any industry to compare with them.

Figures cannot lie

Here are a few specimen balance-sheets from a representative list of well-known brewing firms:

In the last pre-war year, Guinness showed £1,210,578 in profits. Last year (1924–1925) these had risen to £3,039,096. The corresponding figures for various other famous firms are as follows:

	1913.	1925.
Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton ..	£322,083	£536,668
Whitbread ..	53,711	198,034
Threlfalls	70,631	301,816
Barclay & Perkins	74,256	198,194
Watney, Combe & Reid	223,593	1,013,286
Mitchells & Butlers	214,244	501,221
Wm. Hancock ..	40,329	62,413
Samuel Allsop ..	13,048	99,782
Ind, Coope ..	14,290	230,919
Chertsey Brewery	55,287	127,405

This list is representative of the entire brewing industry. The totals of the figures show the profits of the eleven companies to have increased from £2,292,050 in 1913–1914, to £6,308,834 in 1924–1925.

Thus the brewers' profits, as shown above, increased on the average by 175 per cent. In other words, they are 2¾ times as high as they were in 1914. Whatever ill fortune the war and its aftermath has brought to the coal-mines, the shipyards, and the engineering shops, the breweries have been left high and dry.

Not only so, but the beer profits are on the increase. The last published figures for the eleven companies given above show a jump of £1,289,291 over the preceding year. There is every reason to believe that a further advance will be made.

Curiously enough, this extraordinary state of prosperity is accompanied by a decreased output. In the year ended March 31, 1913, the total consumption of beer in England and Wales was 30,759,000 bulk barrels. In the year ended March 31, 1925, it was only 24,827,000.

In addition to that, there has been the marked reduction in the strength of the beer. If last year's production had been equal in strength to that sold before the war, the output, instead of being 24,827,000, would have been only 20,800,000.

A tip to take

We have, therefore, the extraordinary position that while real production is only about two-thirds of pre-war, profits are between two and a half and three times as high.

As the brewers, in spite of various periods of depression in the old days, were never exactly an impoverished section of the community, they can hardly complain if they are now classed among the most successful of the profiteering community.

Their right to exist is being more and more questioned. Public opinion has undergone many changes during the last dozen years, and if a census were taken of the number of total abstainers in Great Britain it would be a revelation to many people.

The decreased consumption of beer alone is proof of the growth of the temperance movement.

For their own sakes, brewers would be well advised to see whether they cannot pass on some of their surplus profits to the consumer, in the shape of cheaper or better beer.

The present quality of beer, in fact, is in itself one of the most powerful instruments of propaganda against the trade. When the working-man feels that, in addition, the stuff is the instrument of a monstrous financial ramp, his distaste is not likely to diminish.

Danger ahead

There is one danger in the situation which is not imminent at the moment, but which may menace the public interest before many years have passed.

Sooner or later, the liquor interests will be taken over by the State. The trend of enlightened political thought is in that direction. Since the abuse of alcohol so vitally affects the health and well-being of the nation, many people who are averse from the policy of State control of essential industries, are quite favourable to the nationalisation of the breweries and distilleries.

It will be a pity if the Trade is allowed to pursue unchecked its profiteering ramp, so that when the time comes for the State to acquire control, the taxpayer will have to pay an altogether extortionate price for its advance in legislation.

At CLOVERDALE FARM

There is a meadow ankle deep in rich clover grass. Cows are feeding in it. There is a shed where these cows are milked and the floors and walls are as clean as clean crockery and the cans like new pins. And then the milk is carried swiftly to a white condensery set down in green fields, and you would think that the cleanliness of that condensery was cleanliness gone mad, except that milk cannot be too clean. That is the way in which *Nestlé's Milk* is produced. It comes to you signed and sealed, the rich pure product of chosen cows fed in lush meadows. All the cream is in it, and it is so prepared that all the vital vitamines of the milk are left intact.

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FULLOTONE

In Sunshine Ward

A SAINT PASSES BY

"I Want to be Happy."

by PHILIP INMAN

IT becomes necessary at times for me to seek relaxation from the sordidness and sadness of hospital life. The other day I went to see a popular musical comedy. Running through the play was this haunting melody:—

"I want to be happy,
But I can't be happy,
Till I've made you happy too."

The next morning I was humming this refrain when the bombshell dropped. Our Fairy Godmother, the very life and soul of the place, had been taken ill and was coming into the hospital as a patient.

AS I walked through the wards a strange sadness seemed to have settled upon everyone. With so much sadness about I felt ashamed as I found myself chanting softly again and again the song of the night before.

Yet when I analysed my feelings there was nothing incongruous about it. "Till I've made you happy too"—that, after all, was the unconscious motto of her life.

This woman was not much over forty, but she had seen more sorrow than most people twice her age. Her father and mother had died in a train accident. Her only brother was killed in the Boer War. She married, but after two years of happiness her husband died in 1918, during the influenza epidemic, leaving us a priceless legacy—tender memories and a baby boy who bore his name.

WHEN the child was five a terrible tragedy robbed her of him. The mother had been out shopping and on her return she found that her child had opened the french windows and was playing on the balcony.

When he saw her coming along the road he clambered on to the railings, and in his excitement he overbalanced and fell into the street, a distance of 30 ft. In my mind there will remain indelible for all time the look in that woman's eyes as she described what followed.

"He gave a sudden shriek and then there was silence. Oh, it was pitiful to see the blood streaming from his head. I could have borne it better had he spoken or even looked at me, but he never once opened his eyes."

It was to my hospital that this child was brought, and there, a few minutes after he was admitted, the end came. That is how his mother became interested in our work, and since then not a day has passed but what her presence has brought fragrance into it.

So my heart was sad when the ambulance pulled up and she was carried into the building. She asked to be placed in the ward where her bairn had died, and, of course, her wish was granted. A little later I made my way to her bed, and almost miraculously the sun broke through the dull January sky and shone upon the tender and loving face of this woman.

Her eyes were closed, and for a moment I stood silently by. Then I whispered her name. She looked up at me and put out her hand. I felt that she was not long for this world—she knew it too.

"MY time has come," she said, "and I'm not sorry. They will be waiting for me—you know." Then in a voice which had in it something of another world she repeated softly:—

"If some despondent soul to hope is stirred,
Some sad lip made to smile,
By any act of mine or any word,
Then life has been worth while."

Those were her last words. When my time comes may my end be like hers.

The Sentence of the Court

A Duke in the Dock

Cant and Coronets.

THERE was about the Duke of Northumberland little of that repose which is alleged to stamp the caste of Vere de Vere, when he entered the dock and pleaded "Not guilty" to using insulting language.

"That the accused, when invited to debate with Mr. Andrew Maclaren, M.P., on the land question, should have declined is understandable," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "for discretion is ever the better part of valour; but, not content with running away, so that he might live to fight with his fountain-pen another day, his garrulous Grace endeavoured to conceal his retreat by employing a barrage of gratuitous impudence and vulgar abuse.

"He could not, he wrote, debate the morality of land ownership, because 'no section of public opinion worthy of any consideration questions it'; and, in any case, this particular proposal amounted to 'an invitation from an insignificant society of robbers to debate the morality and equity of the Eighth Commandment.'

"Finally, the Duke mentioned that he could not agree to meet 'persons whose views are subversive of all civilised government and society.'

"To say that no section of public opinion worthy of consideration questions the right of present-day land monopolists to the possession of large tracts of England is palpably absurd. Their right has never been more strenuously questioned than it is to-day, which is why the accused lives laborious days defending his heritage with the last drop of his ink.

"Obviously it is useless to attempt to instruct the Duke in ethics, but this Court can at least teach him a lesson in manners."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the Duke held that to question his right to the ownership of the land he had inherited was like questioning the right of a man to own a suit of clothes or a pair of boots. His Grace refused to associate with persons who, if they had their way, would deprive the poor working man of the ownership of his allotment.

* * *

"I WISH, when he is not suffering from emotional paroxysms at the thought of working men being deprived of their broad acres," said Mr. Justice Bull, "the Duke would favour us with his own estimate as to how many acres of land is an adequate reward for his patriotic action, of which he has lately boasted, in paying income-tax off his unearned coal royalties and in tructing the lower orders in the error of their ways.

"A straightforward statement on this point from a highly moral person like the prisoner would be of more use than any number of insulting letters. I suppose it is too much to expect this disputatious dogmatist to clear his mind of cant, but we are at least entitled to ask him to expunge the more vulgar elements of his epistolary style.

"The fact that his Grace is a nobleman does not absolve him from behaving like a gentleman, and wealth of abuse can never conceal poverty of logic.

* * *

"The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner's coronet shall be confiscated, and he shall be compelled to wear an ice-pack in its place until such time as his overheated blue-blood is reduced to a normal temperature."

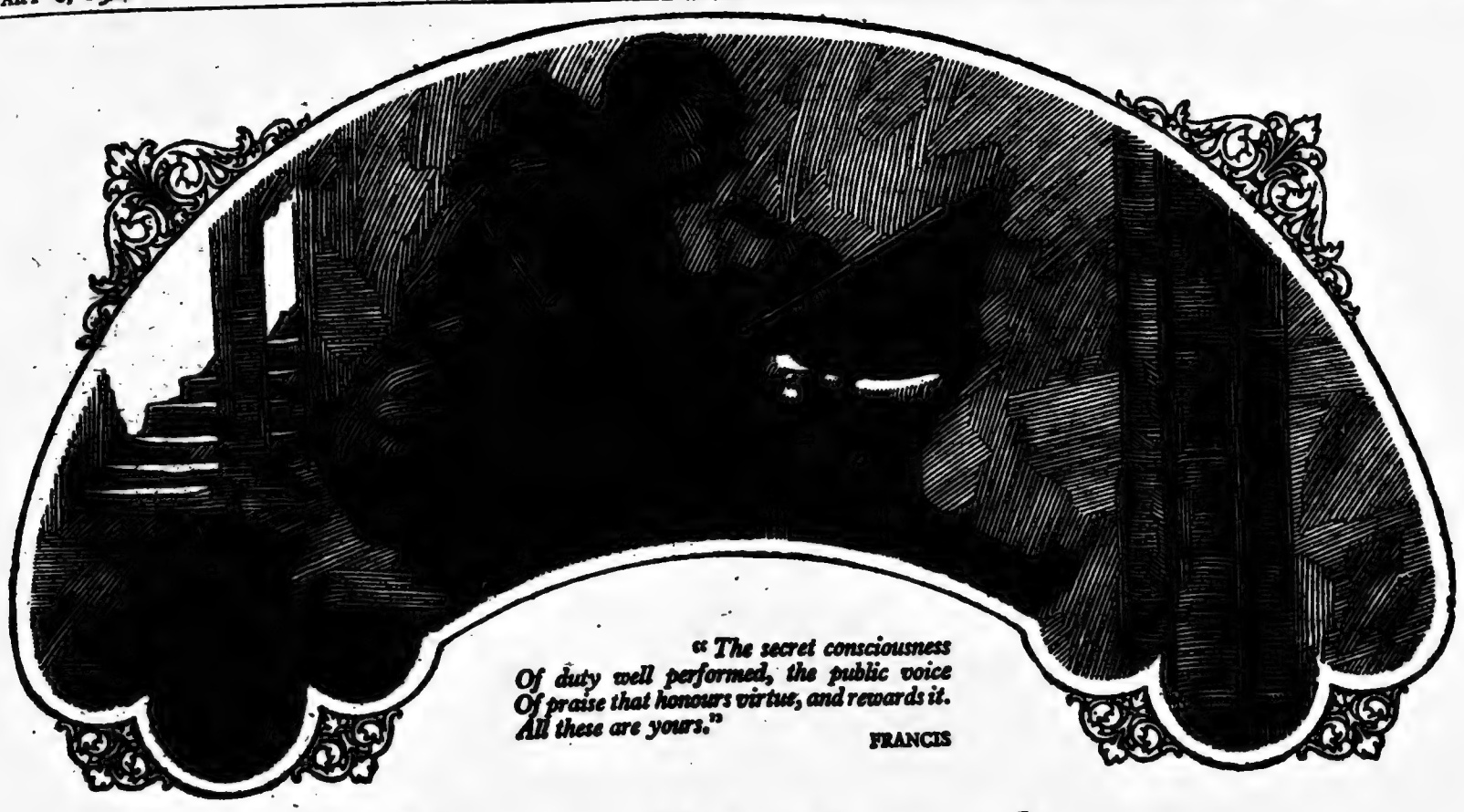
Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Is this, we ask, a proper task
For us sons of the free?
To have to "hike" a monster like
This "Old Man of the Sea"?

When they were pressed we did our best
To help them carry on.
But now we find this is the kind
Of "help" they give to John.

If it seems queer that coal is dear
And you would solve the riddle,
Just take a glance while you've the chance
At that man in the middle.



"The secret consciousness
Of duty well performed, the public voice
Of praise that honours virtue, and rewards it.
All these are yours."
FRANCIS

Of Duty well performed . . . .

THE monk in his cell—the worker at the bench. Between these two a great gulf, yet by one common bond they are united. The bond of Duty. No monk ever possessed more enthusiasm for his tasks in life than those loyal workers—men and women alike—engaged in the business of making Cossor Valves. Without their co-operation—so cheerfully and willingly given—the nation-wide reputation for long service and dependability enjoyed by Cossor Valves must inevitably suffer.

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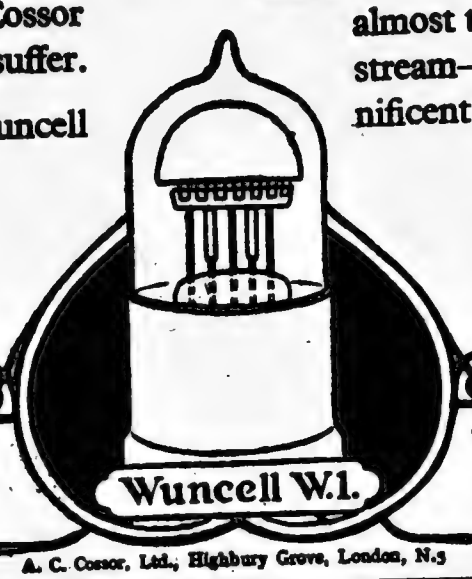

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Words Winged to Women

THE INDECENT BURIAL

A Mistaken Honour

by MABEL HORNER

"A LOT of people," said Judge Challenor Dowdall, K.C., recently in St. Helens County Court, "run away with the idea that the Workmen's Compensation Act is to provide relatives with a big lump sum of money to take them to Blackpool or elsewhere for a good time."

It was an outspoken utterance, provoked by the foolish conduct of a bereaved woman. She had lost her son in a colliery accident, and she came before the judge to ask that the whole of the compensation due to her should now be handed over in one sum.

The judge refused. He explained that the real idea of compensation is that it shall take the place of the wage-earner, and that he himself always endeavours in such cases to spin the money out as far as it will go. In the present instance he allowed £25 down and £2 a month, which would last the applicant forty months. His ruling caused dissatisfaction.

And why? Because, although the deceased boy had been earning but 25s. a week, and although she had several other younger children to bring up, the mother had spent £30 on her boy's funeral, and was therefore, presumably, in debt.

A natural outlet

Now it is very natural indeed that overwhelming grief should seek to find itself an outlet. The heart is torn by sorrow. There is a certain gratification in showing to others by outward means how much honour we lavish on our dead.

But it is a mistaken honour. There is a higher view to take and a course of conduct that is nobler. Where money is no object trade may benefit by costly funerals, though even so the same money and labour might much more fittingly be expended upon those still living. And, strangely enough, it is in families where means are ample that this view of death is now being taken.

When a few days ago the death occurred of Mr. H. J. Whitehouse, managing director of a café concern in Manchester, and chairman of several public bodies, it was found that he had left in his will, as an example to others "who spend when they can ill afford to do so," directions that his funeral should be of the simplest possible kind, and that he should be buried in a "plain coffin of the pauper kind."

Why not? Earth to earth and ashes to ashes is the common lot of mankind, and equally those who hold the Christian faith and those who do not must share it.

The universal leveller

The Quakers, who hold one of the simplest and most spiritual forms of the Christian faith, have consistently testified against the practice of extravagant display at funerals. They hold it inconsistent with belief in a spiritual life that does not end when the outworn garment of the body is laid down.

I have personal memory of a very wealthy member of this community upon whom a title had been bestowed. When his wife died he wished to erect above her grave a memorial in keeping, as he deemed, with this earthly state. He was gently, but none the less firmly, refused.

Death knows no distinctions, and the Christian teaching makes no difference between rich and poor. So the little headstone in the meeting-house graveyard to this day remains of uniform shape and size.

This beautiful simplicity becomes less a religious concern than a commonsense necessity where means are small. Living children feel the pinch of hunger. It is a kind of insanity that deems a dead man honoured by funeral display if by those same honours his children are robbed of one day's bread.

Judge Challenor Dowdall, K.C., who has recently expressed himself strongly in favour of more responsibility being shown by those who benefit under the Workmen's Compensation Act

It was to rob bereavement and poverty of their worst terrors that the Employers' Liability Act of 1880 and the Workmen's Compensation Act of 1906 were passed. They conferred an untold blessing upon women of the neediest class. But—and this is less generally remembered—they brought with them a corresponding responsibility.

The greatest honour

Judge Challenor Dowdall is right. The spending of the compensation money is a sacred trust. To do it wisely is the greatest honour that can be done the dead. Real grief has no time to spare for frivolities. Least of all does it care for what the neighbours, or any set of curious on-lookers, may think.

A Tragic Secret

by DR. MARIE STOPES (*President of the Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, Author of "Married Love"*)

DR. STOPES is writing a series of articles on topics of vital interest to women. She invites correspondence, and readers' queries addressed to her at this office will be dealt with as speedily as possible if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

SOME are voluble in the pulpit and the Press against the "one child family." This harsh stupidity and lack of knowledge does a cruel injustice to a large number of mothers and women who are apt to take their opinions secondhand, particularly when they are initiated by bishops, clergy, or imposing "authorities."

One type of wronged mother I considered last week. There is another, of more national importance, she who, having borne one child, expects another and eagerly waits, wondering why another does not come. She lives on good terms with her husband, and yet mysteriously no second child ever comes to their home.

Why? Because she is sterilised by unsuspected disease germs.

I DO not say that all such cases are due to disease, but I do say that very many are, so many that in the medical world "one child sterility" is a stock phrase. This sterility is due to a sex disease. This may have been contracted quite innocently by the wife, but often it has been conveyed to her by her husband.

It should be realised that there are two main diseases, both depending on germs, but on germs of quite different types. One of the germs is a minute organism which lives and thrives in the soft moist tissues of both men and women.

ONCE established in a woman, the germs destroy the capacity of the woman to become fertile.

Later, of course, the disease may become troublesome to such a degree that a doctor is called in. Much depends on the woman's sensibility and the nature of the attack and so on, but the tragic thing is that both man and woman may be sterilised before they are aware they have the disease.

Two monstrous grievances are here made clear: the cruelty in the indiscriminate abuse of those who have only one child, based on the false assumption that it is their wish, and due to the selfish use of birth control; the second even worse grievance that innocent people may contract the disease without knowing what they are doing.

The liability to any disease is always with us. Even with our State care, compulsory restriction, isolation and everything else, now and then people contract smallpox. But if so, at any rate, the individual has no grievance against the State, for every effort is made to circumscribe the field of activity of the germs of smallpox, but the racially destructive diseases of sex are left at large by authority.

There is no compulsory treatment or isolation of those who have the germs and can spread them. Although public and semi-public clinics "encourage" people to be cured of these germs, no powers exist to forcibly prevent their spreading.

Sometimes women come to our clinic passionately wanting another child. After medical examination the answer has to be, "You can never have another child; you are sterilised."

I HOPE those who are still young enough to hope for a happy future will protect themselves from the risks they run in a community like ours so blind to the fundamental decencies of life that they make scarlet fever and measles compulsorily notifiable and leave the sex disease at large.

"NERVES" A Real Remedy at last.

IN "The Way to Health," Dr. Muller has written a strikingly interesting book, in which it is clearly proved that all diseases originate from starved Nerve-Cells. This conclusion he arrives at after a searching examination of the life history of men and women of all sorts and conditions who had found themselves without any specially noticeable cause, suffering from the various forms of nervous physical breakdown. In every examination of the condition of the brain, it was found that the nerves, instead of showing a healthy condition, were in a degenerate and starved state.

By a remarkable process of scientific research, there was always noticeable on a thorough analysis of the brain cells, an absence or deficiency of certain lecithenic substances, this deficiency being the greater the more the condition of the sufferer had approached to paralysis or total incapacity for any mental exertion whatever.

With typical cases were tried the effects of foods resembling as closely as possible the natural lecithenic food the brain-cells live on, and it was further discovered that certain food combinations had a wondrously beneficial effect upon the mental and physical powers. By slow but sure stages it was not only possible, but always certain that by giving this concentrated nerve-cell nutrient any form of nervous trouble and physical weakness was amenable to improvement and very frequently ultimate cure. Beyond this was revealed the fact that this concentrated Nerve Nutrient increased the vigour and effective powers of the white corpuscles of the blood, enabling them to resist all infection and to destroy the germs which spread infection. Briefly, the Muller Nutrient by cumulative stages revitalises, recuperates, and rebuilds the entire constitution.

The following symptoms are the sure signs of the approach of a physical and nervous breakdown, the forerunner of acute Neurasthenia :—

Heaviness of the Head.
Noises in the Head.
Wandering of Mind.
Melancholia.
Sleeplessness.
Pains at Butt of Spine.
Fear of Insanity.
Sudden Exhaustion.
Spots or Specks Before the Eyes.
Noises in the Ears.
Morbid Fears.
Drowsiness.
Palpitation.
Neuralgia.
Want of Concentration.
Weakening of Sight

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A knowledge of ETIQUETTE —the secret of personal charm

WHEREVER you go you will notice certain people whose company is sought, whose friendship is desired. In whatever society they may happen to be, these folk seem to stand head and shoulders above their fellows in popularity. They carry everywhere some quality of attraction that other men and women lack. What is the secret of their charm?

Watch these people carefully. They converse easily. They always seem self-possessed. In circumstances that would make another person seem embarrassed, they act with dignity. They have mastered the art of courtesy, they know the rules of conduct.

Winning manners are more important than clothes. Can you adapt yourself to every environment and make yourself always pleasant and well liked?

Do not envy these cultured women, these men of affairs. To-day the knowledge they possess, the secret of their social success, is within the reach of all, in an authoritative new work of reference on behaviour that has a place on every bookshelf.

The Book of Etiquette is a Complete Guide to Manners.

For the sake of others even more than for our own happiness and comfort, we should know the rules of behaviour. Courteous conduct is our contribution to social well-being. None of us can possibly know how to act rightly in *all* circumstances. Yet we are so often called up to take part in functions to which we are unaccustomed that we all need an authoritative work of reference on procedure. Nobody expects us to know all the etiquette of Weddings, Receptions, Opening Ceremonies, and visits of Royalty, for instance. Many of us feel ill at ease and "out of it" at balls and public dinners and theatre parties. Nevertheless, when we attend such gatherings, people expect us to act correctly, and our mistakes may cost us their esteem.

In the Book of Etiquette, Lady Troubridge has given us complete and authoritative information on the rules of behaviour. It shows how to act with dignity wherever we may be. It saves us from awkwardness and embarrassment; enables us to take our place in social life with self-possession and comfort.

Do you ever feel uncertain of yourself in public?

It is the little acts of behaviour that most often "catch us napping." Do you, for instance, always know when to use a fork at dinner, and when a spoon? Should you introduce a lady to a gentleman? Can you order wines at a public dinner? Royalty is opening a bazaar for your Church—do you know how to address your guest and when to present bouquets? How should you make the acquaintance of people living in a district to which you have just moved?

Lady Troubridge tells you the right things to do and the right things to say. Nothing has been omitted, nothing forgotten—the etiquette of the street, the dance, the home, the theatre, the public function. There are paragraphs for hostess and guest, for business man, débutante and traveller. There are hints on dress for all occasions, there are lists of awkward words and names accurately spelt and pronounced.

Mistakes at the table distinguish themselves at once. Little blundering errors condemn a man or woman as ill-bred. Do you know all the rules of table etiquette?

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- Do you know how to carry out correctly all the duties of a best man?
- Do you know the proper way to word letters of invitation and acceptance?
- Any one of a hundred questions such as these may demand a quick decision from you. Would you always be sure of doing the correct thing?

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Human Documents

An Unknown Mother

Trading on a Secret—A Bleeder's Bluff—Base Ingratitude

"WHEN my sister and I were quite little mites, too young to understand anything, we were fostered and brought up as orphans until we reached sixteen years of age, when we started to earn our own living.

"We were told by our foster-mother that our parents were dead and that we were to look upon her as our mother.

"I suppose most people would be delighted to receive news of their mother, but we have learned of our real mother's existence in circumstances which have brought a dark cloud over our lives.

"I am married, with three lovely children, and lately my husband, thinking it a pity that neither my sister nor myself knew our birthdays and so missed the pleasant little offerings which are usually exchanged on such occasions, went to Somerset House to clear up the matter.

"In doing so, he discovered that we have several other sisters and brothers of whom we knew nothing. Worst of all, he discovered that our mother is still alive and residing not very far from us.

"THE shock of his discovery was made the more unpleasant by his finding out that the mother we have never known is a hopeless drunkard and a most undesirable character.

"What is worrying us now is the question whether we should go to see her and make ourselves known to her. The possible consequences of associating with her cause us great anxiety.

"My husband does not wish me to have anything to do with my mother, and as I have never known her I do not feel that it would increase my happiness or hers to come together now; yet she is my mother, and I am sure you will understand the feeling everyone must have that blood is thicker than water.

"I would like your opinion as to whether it is my duty to seek out this unknown mother of mine and try to do what I can to reform her, even at the risk of wrecking my own happiness.

"She is not in want, as the sisters and brothers of whose existence I was ignorant until recently make provision for her."

"HUMANIST" says: *I think it would be wise for you to refrain from starting an association which is fraught with such danger. You cannot possibly have the filial affection for a perfect stranger that you would have for your mother if you had been nurtured by her from infancy, and it seems rather a pity that the fable told you by your foster-parents was ever dispelled.*

* * * *

"I AM a middle-aged working-man and I am very much perplexed by a problem which has been put to me by one of my workmates who is much younger than myself.

The Price of Silence

"He has no relatives to guide him and he has considerable faith in my judgment. The circumstances, however, are so peculiar that I do not feel competent to advise him without consulting your opinion.

"This young fellow is honest and hard-working, but like many more he is in an occupation which does not afford much prospect of advancement.

"He is engaged to be married and has been trying hard to save up enough money to get a home together, but in spite of all he can do his wedding-day seems to remain a long way off, owing to his scanty means.

"Recently he accidentally discovered a well-known local man, who is prominent in social and religious work, in a disgracefully compromising situation with a young woman. As soon as they became aware of his presence the girl ran away.

"The man, however, spoke to him asking if he knew who he was. My young friend told him that he knew him quite well and had heard him speak at the Sunday Brotherhood meetings.

"Finding that his identity was known, this man proceeded to question my young mate regarding his work and prospects, and at last suggested that if he would show discretion and keep silent regarding what he had seen, it would be made worth his while financially and he would be given a position in the firm, which would enable him to achieve his heart's desire and settle down comfortably to married life much sooner than would be the case if he remained in his present job.

"The young fellow did not commit himself, but came to me to seek advice, and I should be glad to have your view."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is always unpleasant to seek to profit by the knowledge of another's wrong-doing and I do not think your friend should give this offer a second thought. Apart from anything else, such a hypocrite would not be likely to prove a satisfactory employer, and in all probability he would, sooner or later, find some pretext for dismissing anyone whose presence in his establishment would be a continual reminder of his shame.*

* * *

"I AM nearly twenty years of age and I have to endure hardships at home which are becoming intolerable. My mother tells me that I am fully under her control until I am twenty-one and that if I leave the house she will pester me until I am glad to return.

No Love at Home

"My stepfather does not seem to be able to control my mother when she directs her anger towards me and younger members of the family, and although I am in constant employment and I ask for no more pleasure or freedom than any other girl of my age would wish, I am denied even the smallest liberty.

"After my day's work is over, I dread going home because I know that an undeserved thrashing awaits me from my mother. With the wage I am earning I could quite easily keep myself. If I could only be sure that I could not be dragged back to such a miserable existence I should go at once. Will you please advise me?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*At your age if you choose to leave your parents you cannot be compelled to return to them, but be careful where you go. Consult the secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society.*

The *real*
HAYLEY MORRISS
By his Housekeeper,
in "The People" next Sunday

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered by post. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"SOME time ago in an emergency I borrowed £30 from a moneylender, giving him a bill of sale on my furniture.

Shylock's Tricks

"I first had to pay 6s. 6d., apparently just to see him, and then two guineas for his solicitor's fee, and then he advanced the money on what he called 60 per cent. per annum interest.

"After I had paid him £12 15s., I was unable to meet an instalment and he promptly put a bailiff in possession. A relative came to the rescue and provided £34 8s. 3d., thus making a total of £47 3s. 3d., not counting the fees.

"I was given a crossed cheque with which to pay him, and being entirely without money for immediate needs I asked the moneylender to be good enough to let me have a pound or two to carry on with. He gave me £2 8s. 3d., for which I signed a fresh promissory note.

"He promised to send me back the bill of sale by the next post, but to my astonishment all I received was a letter saying that he would not let me have it until I had paid off the small supplementary loan. Surely it is not right that he should remain in a position to sell me up for so small a sum?"

"HUMANIST" says: *The last thing any moneylender wishes to do is to let a borrower get out of his hands, but this one appears to have overreached himself, and if he will not return your bill of sale, you should apply to the police court.*

* * *

A Son's Duty

"As an unmarried mother, I gave my son the best possible education and he now has a good post worth over £8 a week. Until recently he allowed me 10s. a week, but he says he is going to stop it, someone having told him that as he is illegitimate I have no claim upon him."

"Humanist" says:—*I am afraid you have no legal claim upon him, but feelings of gratitude for the care you bestowed upon him for so many years should impel him to see that you are not in want. If you should have to seek the assistance of the guardians, they would probably endeavour to induce him to act up to his moral obligations.*

Marriage of Cousins

"I am anxious to marry my cousin, but my parents are strongly opposed to it. I have tried to avoid her company, but my affection is so strong that I feel I want to go to her and sob out all my love and troubles. Is it so very dangerous for cousins to marry?"

"Humanist" says:—*The consensus of medical opinion is strongly opposed to the marriage of cousins on account of the serious danger of the offspring of such unions being defective. In cases where the parents stock on both sides is exceptionally sturdy, no harm might result, but I strongly advise you both to consult your family doctors.*

Two Lonely Sisters

"We are two sisters in the early 'twenties, but we have no male acquaintances whatever. We both long for homes of our own and babies to hold in our arms, but where are we to find husbands? Do you think we might venture to communicate with a matrimonial agency?"

"Humanist" says:—*Matrimonial agencies are a snare and a delusion, and I warn you to have nothing to do with them. As you are both of age, there is no reason why you should not participate in ordinary social amenities and find the same opportunities of matrimony as other girls.*

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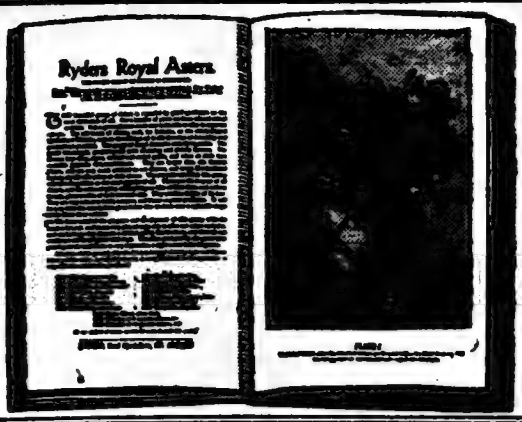

ACADEMY PICTURE OFFER

The 1926 Ryder Book contains a special offer to Ryder customers (who purchase seeds to the value of 20/- and upwards) of an exquisite full-size copy of Miss Winifred Walker's much-discussed 1925 Royal Academy Picture entitled "Wallflowers."

SECURE THIS FREE GARDEN BOOK TO-DAY

FLOWER GROWERS will be interested in the following message I have received from Mr. T. G. Twitchwell, the famous Exhibitor:—"I have won 44 prizes this month, but the one that pleased me most was the National Sweet Pea Society's Medal for an Exhibit which included Marjorie Ryder and Joan Ryder. The latter I consider the finest White Sweet Pea ever sent out. It is the only variety that has consistently thrown fives."

Ryders

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Samuel Ryder

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Our Letter Parliament

Lunacy or Stupidity?

Society's "Rot"—Stage Morals—A Two-Million Toast

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Worse than Murderers

After reading the article by Mr. Welsh on the coal question, there seems only one conclusion to arrive at—that in deliberately presenting a false case, the coal-owners are making themselves worse than murderers. It would be too much to suggest that the man who risks his life in the mine should receive as much as the director at the desk, but he deserves at least a decent living in return for his services.—*S. A. W., London.*

Solving the Muddle

However human a case the miners can present to the world, and however much we may sympathise with their hardships, the ground on which the mine muddle must be decided is an economic one. It was reasonable to suppose that the owners could look after the economic side of the industry, but when an owners' representative lays down before the Coal Commission the fallacious and dangerous economic law that low wages mean prosperity, we no longer wonder why the mines have become almost pauperised.—*William Leece, Everton.*

Lunatic Proposals

Once again the coal-owners have demonstrated their aptitude for creating industrial strife; not alone by the unreasonable suggestions they propose applying to the coal industry, but also by their advocacy of a reduction in railwaymen's wages. To propagate such an idea when the companies and the railwaymen were considering the findings of the National Wages Board was sheer imbecility, and, in all probability, greatly influenced the first rejection of the award at the N.U.R. delegates' conference.—*E. M., Glasgow.*

Towards the Millennium

If the country generally will support the miners in the coming struggle, it will be the first sign of the new era, the right of man to a fairer share of the wealth he creates. That victory might well prophesy an easier path for world-peace. If the workers would refuse to make wicked war-wealth for a few high-placed individuals, and decline to share ignoble gains of any kind, the world would stride, not crawl, to the millennium. —*G. H. B., Norfolk.*

The Better Case

The Coal Commission has proved that the men have an infinitely better case than the owners. Whereas too often the owners have employed denunciation and sarcasm, the men's advocates have revealed constructive ideas, even if not always practicable. The programme of the owners is a negative and impossible one; the men's programme is at least an honest attempt to do something. The public and the Government ought now to speak out and act.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

A Suggestion Bureau

Mr. Welsh says that seven hours is too long to work in an atmosphere of 80 to 90 deg. Perhaps so, but if the cotton mills were on full time, many of the spinners would have to work eight and a half hours daily in an atmosphere of from 90 to 100 deg. Of course, the latter are much better paid than the collier. If the coal-owners are in earnest as to running the pits more efficiently, let them start a suggestion bureau at each colliery. The colliers would welcome this, and no doubt before long instead of being run at a loss they would be profitable both to the owners and to the colliers.—*J. W., Lancs.*

Found Guilty

The coal-owners deserve the castigation you give them. They cannot make the industry pay because, in the first place, they watered capital during the prosperous years, and, secondly, because they prefer to send the miners back to servitude rather than admit they have not the necessary intelligence to make the industry prosperous and its workmen contented. They have been found guilty of inefficiency.—*E. R., Sunderland.*

A Ban on Bigamy

More precautions against bigamy are needed than at present exist. When two persons wish to get married they should be required to produce their birth certificates, on which after the ceremony particulars as to the date and place should be entered. When either wished to remarry, the particulars on the birth certificate could be verified and the death or divorce of the other ascertained before the ceremony could proceed.—*E. L. B., Herts.*

Society's Black List

The daily Press contains increasing evidence of constant misdeeds amongst a certain section of titled society. Something should be done to check the hectic lives of these people. Surely a tribunal of judges could be empowered to place in abeyance the titles of this worthless minority, at least for a generation. How can we expect to stop the "rot" at the bottom of the social scale, if we permit it at the top?—*Britisher, Essex.*

Stage-Door Traps

There is little wrong with the morals of girls on the stage as compared with girls in ordinary life. The little wrong that there is comes from outside the profession. I know of dozens of theatres with stage doors in back streets where the "lads of the village" wait for the girls to go home. If police were to disperse these "hangers on," 99 per cent. of the temptation of theatrical girls would disappear. A few weeks ago I played at a theatre in the North with a company with eleven ladies among the cast. Over thirty men or youths with thirteen cars and five cycle combinations were waiting at the stage door after the night's performance.—*Disgusted Pro., Erdington.*

Labour's Sacrifices

Having read your remarks under the heading "The Call of the Land," I cannot help writing this. My late husband was one who was needed on the land. He dug wells, mended machinery, ploughs, binders, drills, separators and engines until he was carried home half dead from exposure to cold with sleeping in straw stacks in severe frost whilst running a grain separator. He died a month later. The Ministry of Health considers his trade as not insurable!—*R. L., Darwen.*

Jobbery's Job

I read somewhere when at school that Germany's prosperity was due to "the advanced state of commercial and technical education," and this schoolbook was probably written by an Englishman. Now in face of that statement it is proposed to cut down education to a minimum while squandering money on armaments. Is jobbery at the root of it all? Education, instead of being further starved, badly needs fostering.—*M. J. Brennan, Ireland.*

No Slump!

It may interest you to learn that the latest circulation figures printed in JOHN BULL of January 16 have given pleasure to a batch of your old readers. There were those who maintained that the withdrawal of the free-gift offer would see a slump from what they called the "flogged figures." The sceptics were new readers. A batch of we old "Bullites" backed a little dinner on the million standing firm in the next printing of the circulation. We win, and handsomely. JOHN BULL increases! At the dinner we shall toast the two million.—*Loyal Reader, Carnforth.*

Art Defiled

Passing recently along one of our main streets I caught sight of some postcards exhibited for sale. These were of a disgusting nature and not fit for public view. As an indignant mother, I am writing to enquire whether such exhibitions cannot be stopped for the sake of our children. Recently there was some trouble in Birmingham about a dancer and the suppression of a questionable song. More good would be done if the people who then protested would use their efforts in suppressing the sale of these "picture" postcards.—*D. C. R., London, S.E.*

Foreigners First

The Widows Pension Act is an injustice to those whose husbands were in non-insurable occupations or employed in the Free State or the Isle of Man or the Channel Islands. I do not grudge unnaturalised foreign widows the pension, but I do think the Government should have made provision for all poor British widows resident in Britain before aliens were considered.—*D. L., Crosshill.*

Guilty Directors

Your exposure of the defalcations of the Belgrave Mills Co. draws attention to a fact that is overlooked when capitalists generally blame the workers for the decline in industry. The Belgrave scandal does not stand alone; it is typical of much nefarious work that is now going on. During the past few weeks, for instance, three cases of liquidation in the Birmingham district have revealed the fact that trading concerns have failed because the directors have dissipated money in personal intrigues and speculative enterprises unknown to the shareholders of the firms they represented.—*W. J. Flatman, Staffordshire.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"NELSON LEADER":—"Witness tried to scream, but he had her HEAD over her mouth."

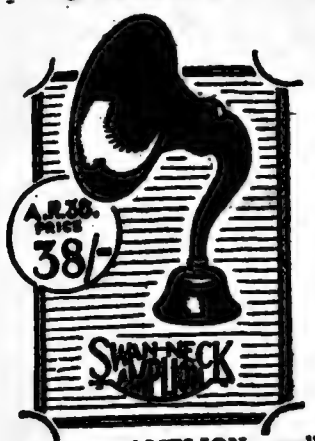
"GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN":—"Wash the headphones with a strong solution of sulphuric acid and dry ginger, BAKE IN THE OVEN FOR THREE HOURS AND SERVE HOT."

"READING STANDARD":—"On Wednesday a special Confirmation Service was taken, when TWENTY candidates (SIX male and TWENTY-ONE female) presented themselves."

"WALLASEY NEWS":—"Those who cannot keep their domestic animals are bound by law to see that their end is as PAINFUL as possible."

"KILBURN TIMES" (advert.):—"Ground floor, 3 rooms, scullery; garden; LOOSE COVERS A SPECIALITY: moderate."

Senior Performance — Junior Price



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Radio Talks.

A Wireless Theatre Tour

by **Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association**

WE are to have another evening of Continental and Transatlantic broadcasting. The fact that I must hope for a period more free from atmospherics than has been usual on these occasions shows how far the science of wireless has yet to go.

* * *

Now that both music and talks are becoming distinctly good, the listener would like to hear that a method of producing the "S" sound from a set had been discovered.

The B.B.C. used to employ a special microphone for this particular note, and I do not think that the simple single microphone is particularly satisfactory when the word "sugar" has to be mentioned.

* * *

We hear a good deal about Continental broadcasting, but I think everyone would like a wireless tour round the London shows. A special feature lasting one hour, with ten minutes spent at different theatres and music-halls, would be very interesting to those living at a distance.

The theatrical managers could have no objection to such short excerpts being broadcast. It would advertise their goods without infringement.

* * *

The ultimatum issued by the Marconi Company concerning licences has caused a flutter in the amateur dovecots. If patented constructions were of no value, the amateur who makes some useful discovery would be hard put to sell his invention. The Marconi Company has spent large sums in research, and no one should grudge them proper returns.

* * *

Snow, frost and rain all produce strange sounds in our sets, and often vary the natural capacity of aerials. In dry or frosty weather some buckets of water poured over the earth plate or the ground, at the point where the earth-wire pipe enters the soil, will often work wonders.

* * *

It is not a very difficult matter to arrange a local aerial of such capacity on a pair of headphones that music can be broadcast from the receiving set to the headphones at a distance of a few yards. It has been seriously suggested that when people want to dance without disturbing others, they might wear such headphones and receive their own music.

The spectacle of a number of people cheerfully dancing with headphones seems strange at first thought. Unfortunately, there is a great deal of power lost in transferring the energy from the receiving set to the telephones on the listeners.

* * *

Among the developments that wireless may give us one day are such things as valveless sets and cold emitters. The valve is an expensive item and in many cases the number of types submitted to the average amateur is excessive.

Some of the new Mullard products are not only very good, but can be adapted for different purposes without loss of purity or volume.

* * *

The astounding waste that takes place in wireless transmissions, a fault that we shall not always allow, is shown by a calculation recently made.

It has been computed that if one large broadcast station were to transmit for nearly forty years, a frame aerial only a few hundred miles away would not pick up more energy than that expended by a fly in walking up a 3 ft. wall.

STERLING
MELLOVOX
Loud Speaker.

THE POPULAR HORNLESS Type
PRICE
48/-

Faithful in reproduction, mellow in tone and ample in volume for all home requirements. In brown, blue, mauve or black, with gold floral designs on the diaphragm.

An Innovation

STERLING "MELLOVOX" and LAMPSHADE COMBINATION

Consisting of the "Mellovox" combined with an adapter, complete, with electric light fittings and attractively coloured shade. Can be suspended in a few seconds and the adapter plugged into an existing lampholder. Price complete £4:4:0
Shade and Adapter only £2:2:0
Of all Radio Dealers.

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Silvertown
INTERVALVE TRANSFORMERS
Adopted by leading manufacturers of Wireless Receiving Sets and discriminating Amateurs in all parts of the world.
Guaranteed for 12 months.

B 500
PRICE 21/- each.
Sold by all leading Wireless Stores.
The SILVERTOWN COMPANY.
106, Cannon Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

and see things in a clearer light!

Use FULLOLITE Lamps and have the sunny radiance of Spring at a touch of a switch. The opal glass bulbs give, in addition, perfect diffusion, eliminating all risk of eye-strain.

IN ALL VOLTAGES, AT ALL ELECTRICIANS

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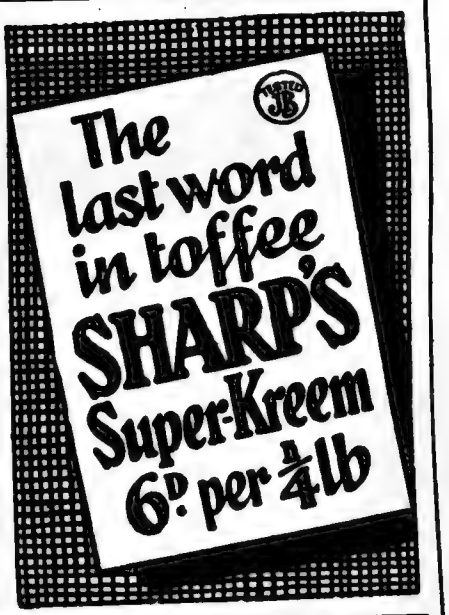

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WRITE FOR LISTS FREE
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First instalment only secures immediate delivery. Write for free lists. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Thousands of Testimonials.
Chas. T. Robey

"Douglas Stuart

is something more than a double event king—he rules an empire of satisfied punters."

—*John Bull.*

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UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS.

NO WAY BARRED.

1/3rd Odds for Places.

DAILY BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

NO LIMIT ON SINGLES, DOUBLES, OR ACCUMULATORS.

Don't Delay—Post to-day

Douglas Stuart

5, Drury St., Glasgow

"Duggie never owes."

"It is only fair that their straightforward dealing should be mentioned."

—*Daily Chronicle.*

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(Sole Propr. M. Benson)

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Lincoln & National

NO LIMIT WIN OR PLACE.

1/3rd ODDS A PLACE.

S.P. BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

Apply to-day.

250, Hope Street, Glasgow.

"Best In" for the Big Double

Six in the Lincoln and National—Coram for France—The Last Race at Aintree—Old Tay Bridge First Over Final Fence—Jockey Baiting

I HAVE spent several hours comparing the Lincoln and National weights with my own idea of how the handicaps would be framed, and several which have been submitted to me by amateur enthusiasts.

The "best in" six in each race appear to be:

LINCOLN.	GRAND NATIONAL.
ZIONIST	SILVO
CORAM	OLD TAY BRIDGE
PONS ASINORUM	SPRIG
BRIGHTER LONDON	BALLINODE
SUN GOD II.	KOKO
PHILLIPPI	JACK HORNER

I do not intend to put up selections until the various owners decide whether they will accept.

France's Best for the Lincoln

My French correspondent has searched high and low without being able to hear as much as a whisper of any French horse likely to be fitter than Coram. Even those French owners and trainers who were most hopeful a little while ago are now forced to admit that the Cambridgeshire fourth looks like being too much for them.

One to Remember

There is just a possibility that First Edition may develop into a strong French fancy with those who prefer to look from outside in the Lincoln. The horse is fairly well bred and he is showing signs of abnormal improvement. It is largely a question of whether he can be as fit as those concerned would like him to be; but in any case he is one to note for a race in England when the connections think it worth while.

Double Chance's National

A number of readers have asked me to publish a full description of last year's Grand National, as they think it may assist them to elucidate the puzzle of 1926. I cannot afford the space for a full description, but I am giving an abridged version from the reading which appeared in the *Sporting Life and Sportsman*. To me it is very interesting, and I think it will probably induce some students of form to put their little all on Old Tay Bridge. Frank Hartigan's veteran meets Double Chance on 11lbs. better terms.

The Fall of Ballinode

"Ballinode came down two fences from the water, over which Fly Mask landed in front of Double Chance, Peter the Piper, Drifter, Max, Ballymacrory, Sprig, Silvo, Old Tay Bridge, Ben Cruchan, Jack Horner, Thrown In, All White, Dwarf of the Forest, Music Hall and Gardenrath, the only other left standing being His Luck.

At Becher's Brook

"Rounding the turn Fly Mask lost his place, Ballymacrory going on, followed by Max, Drifter, Double Chance, Fly Mask, Silvo, Peter the Piper, Old Tay Bridge, Ben Cruchan, Sprig and Drifter. At Becher's Brook Ballymacrory fell, and Double Chance jumped Valentine's Brook slightly in front of Silvo, with Sprig heading Fly Mask, Drifter, Music Hall, Old Tay Bridge, Dwarf of the Forest, Jack Horner, White Surrey, Ben Cruchan, All White and Max.

Only Nine Finished

"Shortly afterwards Silvo took command, but gave way two fences from the winning-post to Fly Mask and Old Tay Bridge, and after obtaining the lead at the final fence Old Tay Bridge appeared all over a winner, but he weakened on the flat, and Double Chance, getting on terms, finally won easily by four lengths; six lengths divided Old Tay Bridge and Fly Mask, Sprig was officially placed fourth. Then came Silvo fifth, Dwarf of the Forest sixth, Jack Horner seventh, Max eighth, and Drifter the only other to complete the course." It is interesting to note that the first seven to finish are all entered in this year's race.

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Marsin, 5 to 1, and **Blaris**, 11 to 10, landed a nice 11½ to 1 double for code followers at Newbury. Marsin can be backed to win again. I am afraid Blaris will always be odds on in future.

PINK STAR, 3 to 1, continued the good work at Kempton. Escott's four-year-old will win again.

FOUR POSTER AND SOUND ASLEEP.—These gelded sons of Feather Bed are owned by Sir E. Wills. Both are consistent and useful and likely long-shots before the jumping season ends.

LENGLEN.—This gelded son of Long Set—one of my six to follow—won comfortably at Warwick, but I am afraid he is not over generous. Should only be backed in middle class company.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.—I mentioned recently that this small young hurdler should be followed. I repeat the advice. But for Duller's brainy riding he would have landed an 8 to 1 chance at Warwick.

MILBURN.—Newey's nine-year-old should be noted from now on. Ran a good race behind Preface. Finished fourth.

Duller Up Does It

George Duller has the pencillers by the ears. Since he won on the 6 to 1 "outsider," St. Croix, nearly every horse he has ridden—not counting the match at Tenby—has been a hot-pot. He has won on fourteen of his last twenty-two mounts, and the average price of the twenty odd mounts works out at about 2 to 1. What about the motto "A Duller a day keeps the bookies at bay"?

SIGNS OF SPRING

The punters are eagerly scanning the lists
In search of a horse with a chance;
Much time and much trouble is spent on The Double
(And Coram's come over from France).

The Bookies are sending out note-books galore
To clients, their claims to advance.
The weights are allotted, the "peas" have been spotted
(And Coram's come over from France!)

The primroses soon will be starting to bloom,
The lambkins commencing to dance,
The betting man's song is, "We shan't be so long"
(And Coram's come over from France!)

The Jockey Baiters at Work

I was sorry to see Mr. Harry A. Brown meet with a hostile reception at Warwick.

Mr. H. A. Brown, owner, trainer and jockey

Anyone possessed with a good pair of eyes could tell that his mount, Rathluck, was stone cold a long way from home. H. A. will be giving the provinces a wide berth. Last season he was received with jeers at Leicester when L'Aiglon II. failed to make a show. Baiting jockeys is a Continental pastime and, fortunately, is rare over here. Bouquets if you win on the favourite and brickbats if you lose.

Mr. Macomber's Eighty Horses

Mr. A. K. Macomber, of Forsetti and Masked Marvel fame, has eighty high-class horses of all ages in training, and has also eighty yearlings ready to be "broken in," so that he is probably the largest individual owner. Sixty-five of these are in France and fifteen in England, while the yearlings are distributed in the same proportion between the two countries. In addition, there are five stallions and eighty fine brood mares in station at the principal stud. With such a great number of horses in training or at the stud, it is obvious that Mr. Macomber is in a strong position for realising his hopes of carrying off some of the English Classics.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

L 2 U R N J P I W X C O 3 Q

M A F H E K Y B T D V Z G S

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

XZFIMNVR2EVN would read DOUBLE CHANCE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, Feb. 3, to Tuesday, Feb. 9.

You'll need a Form Book

GET THE BEST

"The Sporting Life and Sportsman"

SUMMARY OF PAST RACING

Price 2/6, post free 2/10, from The Publisher, 27, St. Bride St., E.C.4.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Bolton, Newcastle, Derby, Middlesbrough, South Shields, Doncaster.
5 HOME.—Newcastle, Derby, South Shields, Millwall, Swindon.
4 HOME.—Bolton, Doncaster, Halifax, Reading.
3 AWAY.—Aston Villa, Grimsby, Plymouth.
3 DRAWS.—Leeds v. Arsenal, Sheffield U. v. Bury, Queen's Park Rangers v. Brentford.
3 HOME, 3 AWAY.—West Bromwich, Barnsley, Exeter, Nelson, Southend.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Newcastle, Plymouth, Crewe v. New Brighton.

FORECASTS FOR FEBRUARY 13.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Blackburn, Bury, Huddersfield, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester U., Sunderland.

Selections

AWAY WINNERS.—Sheffield, Bolton.
DRAW.—Arsenal v. Newcastle.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Darlington, Oldham, Southampton, Stoke, Swansea, The Wednesday.
AWAY WINNERS.—South Shields, Preston.
DRAWS.—Hull v. Chelsea, Notts Forest v. Bradford C.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Chesterfield, Grimsby, Halifax, Nelson, New Brighton, Rotherham.
AWAY WINNERS.—Doncaster, Crewe, Southport.
DRAWS.—Barrow v. Wrexham, Bradford v. Rochdale.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bristol C., Gillingham, Plymouth, Queen's Park Rangers, Southend.
AWAY WINNERS. — Millwall, Swindon, Reading.
DRAWS.—Crystal Palace v. Brentford, Newport v. Exeter, Norwich v. Northampton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Airdrie, Hamilton, Kilmarnock, Queen's Park, Glasgow Rangers, St. Johnstone.
AWAY WINNERS.—Celtic, St. Mirren.
DRAWS.—Clydebank v. Morton, Hibs v. Motherwell.

ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS.
WHITE, FISHER & CO.
144m, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW.

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'INSURE YOUR WINNINGS BY BECOMING A "WHITEFISHERITE"
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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
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No Limit. Weekly A/cs.
We pay all postage.
ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE.
WE NEVER QUIBBLE.

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ALFRED H. MAURICE
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Letter Commissions. No Limit.
DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
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Send at once for particulars.
ALFRED H. MAURICE
THE FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT.
19, BRIDE LANE, E.C. 4.

you
are smoking cigarettes every day—
why not B.D.V's and win
£500

FREE FOOTBALL COMPETITION

Result of Competition No. 7.

Seven Competitors succeeded in giving the correct results of all the Twelve Selected Matches, played on 23rd January, and thus share the prize of £1,000. A cheque for £142 17s. 2d. is being sent to each of the following:—

G. H. JACKSON, 51, Alexandra Road, Moss Side, Manchester.
H. S. KING, 6, Elm Row, Hampstead, N.W.3.
H. HEWER, 2, Dudley Grove, Horfield, Bristol.
J. G. STUBBS, 152, Lower Kennington Lane, Kennington Cross, London, S.E.11.
S. A. WHEELER, 25, Coram Street, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.
R. WHITE, 68, High Street, Grantham.
A. YOUNG, 29, Ayres Road, Manchester.

MATCHES PLAYED FEB. 6

BURNLEY	v MANCHESTER U.
BOLTON W	v LEICESTER C.
CARDIFF C.	v BLACKBURN R.
EVERTON	v LIVERPOOL
LEEDS U.	v ARSENAL
NEWCASTLE U.	v WEST HAM U.
SHEFFIELD U.	v BURY
W. BROM. A.	v BIRMINGHAM
BARNSLEY	v DARLINGTON
MIDDLESBRO'	v STOKE CITY
ABERDARE A.	v PLYMOUTH A.
CREWE A.	v NEW BRIGHTON

Closing date, Friday, February 5 first post.
Last day for claims, Tues., Feb. 9, first post POST CARD ONLY.

NO COUPONS ARE ISSUED OR REQUIRED.

TOBACCONISTS.

Profit by the B.D.V. boom—Display B.D.V. Cigarettes in your window and on your counter. Send p.c. to Messrs. Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., Commercial St., London, E.1, for delightful showcard in four colours—size 10 ins. by 10 ins. Meanwhile, cut out this advertisement and show in your window or on your counter.

What you have to do—

Match your skill against this magnificent offer. There is no entrance fee. Just purchase a packet of B.D.V. Cigarettes, read the competition rules, send in your forecast of 12 match-results, and £500 may be yours!

Competition No. 9.

£500 will be paid to the competitor who forecasts twelve correct results on one packet. If more than one correct forecast is received, the prize will be divided. Matches not played to a finish do not count. If no competitor is successful in forecasting twelve correct results, £500 will be paid to the sender of the next best forecast, or divided in the event of a tie.

INSTRUCTIONS.

No coupons are issued or required. Use only the outer cover of a B.D.V. packet. Slit it. Copy the teams from this advertisement on the unprinted side. Cross out teams you think will lose. Leave both teams in if you think they will draw. (Keep an exact copy.) Add your name and address and post it to:—P.O. Box 161, B.D.V. Competition No. 9, Messrs. GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., Commercial Street, London, E.1. Last date for receipt of entries Friday, February 5th (first post). If successful in more than 8 matches you must send in a claim ON A POSTCARD giving exact copy of your forecast to:—P.O. Box 252, "Claims," B.D.V. Competition No. 9, Messrs. GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., Commercial Street, London, E.1. Last date for receipt of claims, Tuesday, February 9th (first post).

RULES.

One forecast, one packet. Your name and town must be written in capital letters on back of your envelope. Envelopes containing number of entries not sufficiently stamped will not be accepted.

No responsibility will be accepted for any packet lost, delayed or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

The Competition Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD and DAILY SKETCH will act as Referee, and in case of dispute his decision must be accepted as final and legally binding.

You are disqualified if you fail to comply with ANY of the above instructions or rules.

The above rules are express conditions of entry, and competitors enter on this understanding.

Employees of Messrs. Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., and their associated Companies are not allowed to compete.

The result of this Competition will be announced in the Sunday papers of February 14.

NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL BE ENTERED INTO OR INTERVIEWS GRANTED.

B.D.V
THE KING OF CIGARETTES.
10 for 6d 20 for 11½
GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

WHOOPING COUGH CURED
ANOTHER REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Foster, of 25, William Road, Sutton, Surrey, writes:—
I wish to say how pleased I am with "GALLOWAY'S" COUGH SYRUP. My little boy had whooping cough, which left him with a very bad cough, and although we tried with practically every known remedy, he could not shake it off. We were advised to try "GALLOWAY'S" COUGH SYRUP, and much to our relief this quickly cured him.
It is pleasant to take, and I am sure that all children like it and will take "GALLOWAY'S" without any difficulty.
Every dose of "Galloway's" Cough Syrup is a sure step to speedy recovery, but see that it is "Galloway's."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP
Sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle; or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E. 17, price 1/9 and 3/- post free.

Relieves Headache
A little Musterole rubbed on forehead and temples will usually drive away headache. A clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard, Musterole is a natural remedy with none of the evil after-effects so often caused by "internal medicine."
Use Musterole for neuralgia, pleurisy, congestion, sore throat, sprains, and colds on the chest. (It often prevents pneumonia.)
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER
Thos. Christy & Co., London

ILLUSTRATED SALE LIST Post Free.
Wood, Iron and Asbestos buildings of every Description.
Greenhouses from £6 10
Huts from £4 4s 6
Incubators, Rabbit Houses, Heating Apparatus.
Poultry Houses from £1 12 6
T. BATH & CO., LTD., Savoy St., London, W.C.2.

BIKE BARGAINS
I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST BICYCLES ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Lowest Cash Prices quoted. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.
2/- WEEKLY.
The O'Brien
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER
DEPT 9 COVENTRY.

John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

THERE is much that is joyous in this world; also, unhappily, there is perhaps even more that is sordid and distressing. Much of this is caused by frauds and sharks who get a fat living out of the misery they cause to others.

If you are experiencing unhappiness from this cause, or are in trouble of any sort, send particulars with stamped envelope to our Free Advice Service.

R. W. (Strathblane).—"I can't save any money for rainy days." We suspect you of spending too much on wet nights.

L. H. (Gatton Point).—"You sit on every suggestion I put forward." Which proves there's no point in them.

MRS. C. (Manchester).—"Actually there are more fair married men than dark." The light-headed allow themselves to be captured first.

"DISILLUSIONED" (E.1).—"Little did I think I should find married life so exacting." Only because little did you think.

G. N. (Camden Town).—"In a new play a murder is committed just before the curtain rises." There's nothing very new in this. The orchestra generally murders something as an overture.

G. B. (Putney).—"Barbers charge too much for women's hairdressing." Quite so. Why should a shingle cost more than a bob?

A. B. (Lewisham).—"There is a certain amount of nonsense printed on this page." There is. But we supply the last syllable of it.

G. I. (Balham).—"My letter will knock your argument into a cocked hat." Strangely enough, we caught the office boy making a cocked hat of your letter.

B. P. (Norwich).—"Women strike me as being appallingly stupid." We imagine you thoroughly deserve the punishment.

B. L. (St. Albans).—"I'm very fond of tripe." We're sending your letter back so you can enjoy reading it again.

MAUDIE (Kew).—"I should love to work as your secretary." We can't gratify your, but shall always respect your good taste.

MRS. T. (Acton).—"If you examined him you'd find good stuff in my boy." And in every other boy able to get at the pantry.

MRS. S. (Leeds).—"We find a baby brightens up the home wonderfully." True. They're dab hands at keeping gas and electricity going all night.

J. S. T. (Canterbury).—"I assure you I have seen better days." And they wouldn't need to be very good even then to improve upon the present sample.

MRS. A. (Dudley).—"Now we are married he never calls me a little dear." Probably because he finds you a big expense.

MISS F. (Blaenau Festiniog).—"Do you think he'd be offended if I gave him a couple of home-knit vests?" In all probability he'd be tickled to death.

MRS. W. (Cardiff).—"I'll go to law over the things she says about my face." It will probably cost you more than the thing is worth.

G. D. R. (Herne Hill).—"My wife is a perfect angel." Nothing to wear and always harping about it, we suppose.

MRS. S. (Clitheroe).—"Is there any way to get furs really cheap?" One fit of hysterical weeping and two of the sulks is the usual recipe, we believe.

L. T. (Settle).—"I had my hair bingled and my husband says it looks a sight." He evidently thinks the barber bungled the bingle.

H. Mc. D. (Aberdeen).—"Scots always pay their debts." It must be admitted that most of them settle in London.

L. T. (Christchurch).—"I've no idea when I'll write to you again." You had no idea when you wrote this time.

P. B. (Cheam).—"When he comes back from school my son will not sit down and be quiet." Perhaps the cane-bottomed chairs arouse painful memories.

D. M. (Maidenhead).—"The river is at the bottom of our garden." Recently, many householders found their gardens at the bottom of the river.

J. D. E. (Ruislip).—"No end of people seem to be going into the hairdressing business now." If that's so, don't be surprised at the cutting competition that will result.

A. A. (Slough).—"After my week-end in the country, I brought back only about 7s. 6d." Well, wasn't a little change what you went for?

C. G. (Morpeth).—"I told my wife that I thought our new maid, though inefficient, extremely pretty." And so escaped the job of giving the girl notice yourself.

Q. F. (Holbeach).—"Do you believe that the pen is a sharper instrument than the sword?" Anyway, it can be made to bore much more easily.

R. C. (Stepney).—"It's the little things in life that matter." Rather! And you know it when there are six or more of them in the family.

GEORGE T. (Street).—"I was agreeably surprised, as her letter said she was not pretty." She didn't make herself plain, apparently.

"LUCKY" (Hadley).—"My bad luck ceased when I married." We congratulate Mis-fortune on becoming Mrs. Fortune.

"BEATEN" (Durham).—"I admit I know little or nothing of women." To know that is to know a great deal.

D. W. (Parsons Green).—"You can't get far in this world without money." No—even if the conductor misses you the inspector gets you.

"LECTURER" (W.C.1).—"History studied merely chronologically is not very fruitful." So you don't care a fig for dates.

P. S. E. (Glasgow).—"Drink statistics should make you see that drunkards are often A1 men." We C2 that C3 men C double too.

DR. W. M. (Dorset).—"Thanks for another 'Target' Prize in *Bullets* last week." You are getting better, doctor. Now what about a tonic in the shape of a big *Bullets* cheque—we're offering ten this week.

Laughter and Tears

(With apologies to Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

"LAUGH and the world laughs with you"—
It's easy enough to-day,
The Passing Show makes a hundred smiles grow
For every twopence you pay.

"Weep and you weep alone"—that's true,
But the price of laughter is cheap
Wherever you go there's *The Passing Show*,
So why should a body weep?

"This brave old earth must borrow its mirth."
That's right, because I know
A Scottish feller who agrees with Ella—
He borrows my *Passing Show!*

THE SHOWMAN.

ALBERT T. (Rugby).—"My face is considered more handsome in profile." It's evidently a matter of side with you.

G. M. V. (Rochester).—"Men should wear moustaches, the only badge of masculinity left to them." Ladies would be very tickled with this idea.

L. Y. (Carlisle).—"Can you tell me a pleasant way to get rid of a cold?" Scotch it with a lemon.

L. N. (Hythe).—"I haven't made up my mind yet whether to propose to her or not." We expect she has, though.

A. K. (Edgware).—"A moneylender keeps dropping me a line." Don't be a poor fish and swallow the bait.

C. S. (Shiplake).—"I took her to the pictures, but I couldn't tell you what pictures they were." Oh, you Sheik!

H. K. (London, N.).—"The average theatre-manager adopts a short-sighted policy." This is perhaps due to his having a cast in his eye.

R. J. (Tilbury).—"I find it hard to clothe my ideas in words." We see your difficulty. There are few words small enough to fit your ideas.

BILL (Leith).—"I enclose my portrait and take this opportunity of telling you that I'm to get married soon." Ah, well! Love is blind!

F. J. (Hastings).—"I dreamt a black horse was chasing me." A nightmare, evidently.

S. T. (Huntley).—"I have a habit of quoting Shakespeare to my friends." How bucked he'd be if he knew!

B. U. R. (Chorley).—"I'm a very wide fellow." You should take more exercise.

P. F. (S.E.5).—"I must apologise for the length of my argument." We suppose it had to be long as it has no breadth.

T. B. (Barnes).—"I get a lot out of my car." You're lucky. Some people get out of their cars a lot.

G. N. (Hove).—"I was at my wits' end." Well, you didn't have far to go.

C. N. (Leeds).—"Moneylenders are not philanthropists." There! The secret's out at last!

A. P. (Sheffield).—"The man I marry must be brave." He will be.

B. L. (Dorking).—"Is Mussolini conceited?" He regards himself as the It of Italy.

L. G. (Sutton).—"I tell you, I'm a long way from a fool." You write as if you were beside yourself.

G. J. (Barking).—"When out with your wife should you walk next to the gutter?" It's safer to be between her and the shop windows.

C. P. (Staines).—"My wife says there are two sides to every question." Hers and her mother's?

F. G. (London, W.C.).—"You didn't use my poem. Was it too long?" Yes; and too wide and too thick.

JOCK MCT. (Glasgow).—"For thirty years me an' my guid wife ha' had na' disagreement." Mon, it's a gey humdrum life ye must ha' led.

MRS. F. (Cockermouth).—"A woman's life is one long grappling with perplexing problems." She endures agonies of indecision between the picture shows and bargain sales.

MRS. C. (Poole).—"What, I ask you, do men know about women's clothes?" The price, madam, the price.

J. B. T. (Clitheroe).—"You may think the story rather bald." We think it would be more exciting if it had a few hair-raising incidents in it.

W. A. M. (Godstone).—"There's no need for a sober man to lose control of his car." Unless he can't keep up the instalments.

H. D. (Acton).—"When I asked for his pass he said his face was his ticket." You should have punched it.

MRS. T. (Herne Hill).—"You never seem to joke about a mother-in-law." We consider a mother-in-law is no joke.

PERPLEXED PARENT (Reading).—"Of course allowances must be made for a young man's folly." And the larger the allowances the more folly he can indulge in.

J. J. (Poole).—"A jazz drummer must be born with a natural bent for it." That is, with drums in his ears.

B. L. (Leeds).—"I move neither to right nor left, but press forward regardless of obstacles." You must be a railway porter.

B. N. (Watford).—"I'm a sportsman and claim a thorough acquaintance with the necessary three R's." Racing, risking and repenting.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

When the Nerves Give Way

Miss L. Marjorie.

When the appetite fails
When you yearn for sleep in vain.

That's the time for Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Famous Artiste cured of Nerve Trouble.

Miss Lil Marjorie, the well-known revue artiste, of 66, Cressflats Terrace, Far Beeston, Leeds, writes as follows: "I wish to say how splendid your Tablets are. I am leading lady in 'Parcels' Revue, in which I sing five songs nightly and also dance a great deal. For four months my nerves were in a terrible condition, and sleep was impossible. I had no appetite, suffered from continual lassitude and depression, and was thoroughly run down. My mother advised me to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after the first few doses I was able to sleep much better, and now I am quite cured and enjoy capital health. Indeed, I feel a new woman, and you may be sure I shall recommend your Tablets."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown, Kidney Weakness, Children's Weakness, Neuritis, Anæmia, Indigestion, Palpitation, Sleeplessness, Headache, Neurasthenia, Wasting, Nerve Pains

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size 3/-
Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

MONSTER BEDDING BARGAIN

CARR PAID 40/-

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One Pair WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, English made, whipped and bordered.

One Pair of FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.

One Pair of PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.

One BOLSTER CASE, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.

One LOVELY ALHAMBRA QUILT, in all newest colourings and designs.

One SPLENDID STRIPED BED TICK.

One BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.

All Full-size Double Beds.

FREE

This magnificent Art DOWN QUILT in Sateen Cover and panels to tone. Cosy and warm.

WORTH 21/-

FREE GIFT.

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This Sale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars.

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FREE TRIAL OFFER

to ALL Sufferers from

Rheumatoid Arthritis

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Rheumatoid Arthritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis

The following extracts from letters received from members of the medical profession constitute more conclusive evidence than anything we can say regarding the value of CURICONES as a remedy for all Rheumatic Ailments.

REMARKABLE MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

Dr J. W. (L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.), of Cheshire, writes:—"I have suffered more or less from Rheumatoid Arthritis for four years. A month ago, when I commenced taking 'Curicones,' I could only crawl about. I can now walk two miles at a stretch with comparatively little pain. 'Curicones' have given me truly marvellous relief."

Drs. D. and B. write:—"Enclosed please find cheque for capsules—am pleased to say they have had good results."

Dr. J. M. D. writes:—"The 'Curicones' sent me were used by a case of chronic Arthritis and gave great relief."

Dr. B. writes:—"Send 500 'Curicones' to-night certain—they are excellent."

Dr. M. K. writes:—"I enclose cheque for 'Curicones' for my daughter. I am so much better I want her to try them."

Send for FREE Trial Package

and FREE BOOK—NO MONEY REQUIRED.

Curicones are prescribed and recommended by over 300 Doctors. Their action is prompt and direct. The cause, whether it be Uric Acid, Urates of Soda, Lime, Potash, etc., even Microbes, is removed without resort to nauseous drugs. CURICONES are pure gelatine capsules, containing an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. They are pleasant and easy to take, and relieve torturing pain in a very short time.

Fill in this Coupon NOW

If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, fill in and post this coupon NOW, and in addition to the FREE TREATMENT and useful Book, you will receive further convincing testimony from the medical profession and former sufferers of the beneficial effects of CURICONES. This free treatment has been the first step to a complete cure with thousands of sufferers who had almost given up hope of ever enjoying life again. Don't delay. Post the coupon TODAY and learn how YOU can obtain relief from your pains in a few hours.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON.

Please send me free and post paid your trial package and book on Rheumatoid Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table and full particulars of your discovery.

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Soothed & Healed by Germolene

If Germolene is at hand you possess a sure remedy for such skin ailments as eczema, eruptions, rashes, pimples, sores, ulcers, piles, and bad leg. Children's skin troubles—notably ringworm, impetigo, and infectious rashes—chilblains, chaps, skin cracks, and roughness and redness. Germolene is an ideal and absolutely effective dressing for all first-aid purposes.

Soothes at a Touch!

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IDEAL FOR TENDER SKINS.
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The Aseptic Skin Dressing

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SPARE TIME AGENCY
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Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Blankets, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

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All sizes.
Black or Tan.

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RYEDENE leather soles are waterproof, wear twice as long as ordinary leather and give you double value for your money. We offer these RYEDENE Double-Wear Soled Boots in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on simple easy terms which everybody can afford to pay—1/- now, 2/- in ten days, and 4/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful RYEDENE boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) and say what size we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. BOOT LIST FREE.

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HAVE YOU "TAKEN A RISK"?

Even if no symptoms appear and a risk of venereal infection has taken place, go at once to a doctor or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres for advice.

There MAY be nothing the matter, but if there is, the earlier the treatment is begun, the quicker and surer is the cure.

Advice and treatment may be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy.

False shame is sheer folly. The real shame is to remain uncured and thus to risk passing on the disease to an innocent person.

Full information free (in plain cover) can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept P, 1, Carteret Street, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1 (St James' Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12.30 to 1 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Write for five useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set: six useful booklets for Girls, 1/6 the set; seven useful booklets for Young Men, 1/5 the set, all post free in plain cover.

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Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 5/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 60/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

"STOPPED-UP" NOSE

A simple, safe, inexpensive method that clears out the Head, Nose and Throat.

Four Cigarettes Sent Free.

Nasal catarrh is not only disagreeable and offensive, but it will lead to serious trouble.

That inflamed condition of the mucous membranes of the air passages of the head, nose and throat may spread to the point where it is incurable and a danger to life.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries. The warm smoke vapour is inhaled into the affected air passages, and will go where sprays, douches, and salves cannot reach. They contain no tobacco or cubebs, and being harmless, are used by women and children, as well as men. If you suffer from any catarrhal trouble, plain nasal catarrh, hay fever, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or are subject to frequent colds, get from any chemist's a convenient pocket-size package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes and prove for yourself their pleasant, beneficial effects.

Should you like to try a sample of the Remedy, a packet containing four cigarettes will be sent to you, quite free, if you will send your request to—Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 C.K.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Scattered Homes

Poverty Preferred to Parish Relief.

MANY people prefer poverty to parish relief, for the simple reason that the administration of the Poor Law so often involves tragedies of family separation.

Take a typical case of a widow who has struggled for years to support her fatherless children. The time comes when, through illness it may be, she is unable to earn sufficient to pay the rent and clothe and feed the children.

Unable to see her little ones starve, she allows the rent to get into arrears, and presently she is threatened with eviction from the humble tenement she calls her home.

When at last she is compelled to do the thing her soul abhors, and applies to the guardians, she may for a time be granted a dole of foodstuffs, but no money with which to pay the rent, and ultimately she is invited to accept the hospitality of the workhouse.

What of the children? There are no family circles in guardians' institutions. The little ones are sent to what are appropriately called scattered homes, which are often so distant that the poor mother has little or no opportunity of visiting them.

SHE may recover her health and resume employment, but still she is not in a position to re-establish her home and have her children with her, and so she must struggle on through life doubly bereaved.

It is small wonder that parents would make any sacrifice rather than allow themselves to be pauperised in this fashion. Week by week we receive heartrending appeals for assistance from widows placed in the position here described. A pound or two, it may be, will save them from eviction and tide them over the period of enforced idleness.

Every gift to the "Greatest of These—" Fund may be the means of avoiding the terrible tragedy of the breaking up of a home and a separation of a mother from her babes.

If you have warm blood in your veins and the love of mankind in your heart, help us to the utmost of your ability to save such distressed souls from the spectre of pauperism.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Another Good Example," 1s. 6d.; M. Macquoid, £1; Artful Dodger, 10s.; B. M. Portchester, 10s.; Four, 2s. 6d.; V. B., 1s.; "Wester Highland," 5s.; F. C., Sheffield, 1s.; R. F., 1s.; E. H., 5s.; E. L., 5s.; "One of the Poor," 1s. 3d.; Lonely Emma, 2s. 6d.; P. D., Ninth of Winnings, 2s. 6d.; Bounyting, 4s.; R. C. G., 2s.; "Berna," 5s.; All Best Wishes, 1s.; A. Reid, 1s.; Manchester, 1s. 9d.; M. L. H., 2s. 6d.; A. D. Oxford, 2s. 6d.; "Crystal," 4s. 2d.; A Bullet's Veteran, 1s.; E. U. Nisbet, 11s. 1d.; A. & B. Watson, 4s.; "Gunner," 5s.; Lone Widow, 1s.; Mrs. E. Rigby, 1s.; J. C. C., 2s. 6d.; W. D. Weth, 2s. 6d.; M. W., 1s.; M. A. C., 1s. 6d.; Widow's Mite, 2s.; "From 3 Trying to Kill That Ghost," 1s.; Miss M. Edwards, 10s.; Every Bit Helps, 2s. 6d.; Fort Augustus, 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 5s.; Shetlander's Xmas Box, 10s.; J. A., 1s.; O. A. F., 10s.; W. F. Rees, 10s.; One of the Million, 1s.; Tonyrefail, 2s.; H. W. R. (Camborne), 10s.; "No. 13," 1s.; J. N. S. M., 6d.; F. Munro, 2s.; F. A. W., 11s.; Miss M. Stretton, 10s.; M. Ross, 5s. 6d.; E. W. C., 1s. 6d.; W. Emmett, 2s.; Cambuslang, 5s.; W. H., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Marr, 1s. 3d.; J. E. B., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Davidson, 2s. 6d.; J. S. Paisley, 2s.; "In Loving Memory of Victor," 1s. 3d.; "From Lillian, Peggy and Mamma," 2s.; Ashington Wellwisher, 2s. 6d.; H. S., 10s.; N. Starbuck, 2s.; E. H. T., 2s.; W. M., 2s.; Mrs. Wells, 5s.; M. B., 5s.; E. R. William, 2s.; Xmas Greeting, 2s. 6d.; E. B. Ellison, parcel; Mrs. Almond, parcel; Mrs. W. Pendreigh, parcel; Mrs. Warden, parcel; F. W. Wood, parcel; W. Taylor, 44d.; Old Bullet Shooter, 1s.; Chorley's Ninth, 1s.; H. S. H., 5s.; M. Thompson, 6s.; M. C., 2s. 3d.; J. M. H. D., 5s.; "For the Kiddies," 5s.; M. E. Mosley, 2s. 6d.; Guy Fawkes, 2s. 6d.; N. Sturrock, 2s.; W. W. Pickard, £5 5s.; A. Wellwisher, 2s. 6d.; M. M., 2s.; E. E. B., 6d.; T. Wright, 6d.; J. & E. Hampson, 1s. 6d.; From Happy Family, Colne, 10s.; W. Fox, 6d.; H. B., 1s.; E. C., 1s.; A. B. C., 10s.; Mrs. A. Bell, 2s. 6d.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 589.

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:

Mr. S. J. SELLARS, 13, Sargent Street, Bedminster, Bristol.
Example:—WHEN THINGS GO WRONG
Bullet:—SING—DON'T "MAKE SONG."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. G. HILL, 29, North Hunt Road, Littlehampton.
Example:—MY MONEY
Bullet:—HERE TO-DAY—GONE *Yesterday*.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Nurse L. M. FRANCIS, 99, Ebury Road, Rickmansworth, Herts.
Example:—WHEN THINGS GO WRONG
Bullet:—EXTEND HAND, NOT FINGER.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. H. H. BUSH, 182, Arcadia Terrace, Bradford.
Example:—MODERN PRODIGAL
Bullet:—GIVEN START—THEN DIDN'T.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. T. W. YEOMANS, 88, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, N.
Example:—SELDOM FORGOTTEN
Bullet:—IF WE "FORGET OURSELVES."

5 Prizes of £10 each:

F. EDMUNDS, 6, Tanyard, Cranbrook, Kent.
SELDOM FORGOTTEN—WIFE'S "NEW *Wear* RESOLUTIONS."

P. IVES, 29, Pier Place, Gt. Yarmouth.
WHAT THE SAILOR SAID—FOR SAFETY; "HULLO, *Sweetheart!*"

G. KENNEDY, 28, Hydeside Grove, Consett, Co. Durham.
POOR FOOL—"SIGNS" AND THEN "WONDERS."

H. LOCK, c/o Wallis, Clifton House, Ingatestone.
MY MONEY—ITS EXIT, TRADESMAN'S ENTRANCE.

R. A. PRICE, 20, Creighton Road, Ealing, W.
SELDOM FORGOTTEN—WIFE—ON INCOME-TAX FORM.

10 Prizes of £3 each:

Miss ASLETT, 52, Rutland Street, Belfast.
FATHER'S PROBLEM—SEEING NEW YEAR OUT.

J. BEE, Brunston Boothe, Nr. Lincoln.
WHEN THINGS GO WRONG—VOICES RAISED—OR HUSHED.

G. ENDLESBY, 245, Park Street, Luton, Beds.
STRONG—INDUSTRY GIVEN "ELECTRIC BELT."

J. A. JONES, 37, Maldon Road, Longsight, Manchester.
WITHOUT HER—"SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"—UNTIL OLDER.

R. MOFFAT, 29, Honister Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
SECOND HUSBAND—ABERDEEN WIDOW'S, SAME SIZE.

M. F. MULLINS, Lr. Abbey Gate Street, Galway.
IDLE—"GOD, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

J. W. MUMFORD, Brick Hall, Great Totham, Maldon.
IDLE—HANDS, BECAUSE MASTERS HANDCUFFED.

W. RETSON, 34, Dunlop Street, Glasgow.
WHAT THE SAILOR SAID—IN SCOTCH, NATIVE ANSWERED.

Mrs. M. SPEAR, 42, Ynysgynes Road, Treaiaw, Glam.
LOOKS DIFFERENT—SAME HAND, ANOTHER PALMIST.

A. TURNER, Little Chesterford, Saffron Walden.
FATHER'S PROBLEM—CATCHING INSTRUCTIONS—AND TRAIN.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

F. BRISCOE, Dosseley, Dawley, Salop.
IDLE—PATHETIC STATE—STATE APATHETIC.

G. BYARS, "Anworth," Burnbank, Lanarkshire.
FATHER'S PROBLEM—NOT WHAT TO WEAR.

L. H. ILLINGWORTH, 18, Caldwell Road, Allerton.
ENTERTAINMENT TAX—DUKE WOULD CHARGE MINERS.

C. LANCASTER, 25, Mount Durand, St. Peter Port.
WHEN THINGS GO WRONG—"WADE IN"—DON'T "PLUNGE."

W. ROUGHTON, 60, Melbourne Street, Coalville.
WHEN BILL ARRIVES—DESTOR NATIONS REGRET DETONATIONS.

J. W. SAVILLE, 13, Seaforth Gardens, Dublin.
SHOULD BE PUNISHED—*Sixty* CHILD NEGLECT, ALSO.

Mrs. M. SMITH, 23, Searles Road, New Kent Road, S.E.
NATURE'S WORK—MAN—MAN'S GENTLEMAN.

F. A. TAYLOR, 104, Bright Street, Hull.
SELDOM FORGOTTEN—LESSONS *On* MOTHER'S KNEE.

T. A. TERRY, 1318, Tarring Road, Worthing.
MODERN PRODIGAL—DOESN'T EVEN *Leave* HOME.

Mrs. J. L. WARNER, "Hayden," High Street, Wootton, Isle of Wight.
SECOND HUSBAND—RETALIATES—PRAISES FIRST WIFE.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

D. Ames, 41, Springfield Rd., London, E.
W. Baillie, 9, Barnsley Rd., Wombwell, Yorks.
H. C. Bateson, 18, Fairfield Lane, Barnsley.
F. E. Benstead, 43, Ullington, Stamford, Lincs.
G. Berrey, 25, South St., Middlesbrough.
E. Berry, 2, Hilton Cres., Scotstown, M/c.
W. Blackwell, 13, Nelson St., Chester.
H. Bourne, 24, Cranmer Rd., South Rhondda.
T. Broughton, 8, Bridge Rd., Stanwix, Carlisle.
J. W. Brown, 24, Alexandra Rd., Aberaeron.
C. Bryant (staff), C.M.H., Leek, Staffs.
Mrs. C. Cameron, Hayfields Cott., Rossington.
Mrs. Campbell, 6, Henley Grove, Bramley, Leeds.
J. Carrol, c/o Higgins, 265, Broad St., Glasgow.
Mrs. Catterall, 18, Latham St., Bury.
Miss Charnock, 3, Ormiston Rd., New Brighton.
A. B. Clark, 13, Roxburgh St., Galashiels.
F. W. Clarke, 12, Thorneville Terr., Headingley.
Mrs. Coaker, 21, West Ter., South Bank, Yorks.
J. Coghill, 36, Victoria Rd., Market Drayton.
E. Collier, 7, Toronto Rd., Heavitree, Stockport.
A. B. Conway, 71, Goldsmith Rd., King's Heath.
H. Conyers, 53, River Grove, Gisgyville.
Mrs. Cornforth, 32, Baptist Well St., Swansea.
H. Court, 297, Ordnance Rd., Enfield Lock.
S. S. Cross, 1440, Walker Rd., Newcastle.
L. V. Curtis, 10, Margam Terr., Port Talbot.
E. S. Dale, 5, Sabrina Walk, Northwick, Worcs.
H. Davies, 261, Birkbeck Rd., Beckenham, Kent.
W. H. Dawe, 130, Osborne Rd., Pentypool, Mon.

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bullets Big Ten"!!

INCREASED 1ST PRIZE

2nd Prize £100

£300

3rd Prize £50

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

INCREASED 4TH PRIZE £30

INCREASED 5TH PRIZE £20

5 New Prizes of £10

200 PRIZES OF 5/-
500 PRIZES OF 2/6

100 PRIZES OF £1

6,000 TARGET PRIZES

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 591.

LIBERAL PARTY
THE RIGHT WAY
SHOWING FIGHT
FOR A DRINK
WHAT THE COWARD SAID
LEFT TO ME
ON TOP
WORK I LIKE
SLOWLY
NOT HAVING ANY
A TREAT
WHAT WE'RE MAKING
BREATHING AGAIN
WINTER AND SUMMER
KEPT GOING
NODDING
HIS FAULT
KEEPING MOUTH SHUT
FORGETTING HER
CUP OF SORROW
AT SEA
HEARD IN THE PARK
PARSON'S WIFE
INDOORS
PERMANENT JOB
FOR MY WIFE
OLD MAID
WHY SHE WAS SILENT
CORING OFF
A MISPRINT
GUIDING STAR
WHAT IS BETTING?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 591 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of Five-Guinea Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 589 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at Offices of "JOHN BULL."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any Two, Three or Four Words, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—UNCLE SAM Bullet:—LENT, BUT WON'T RELENT.
Example:—THANKS TO BABY Bullet:—"CATCHING" EVERYTHING, I'M "STUMPED."
Example:—AFTER THE PARTY Bullet:—"TEN LITTLE *Bigger* BOYS."

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to—"Bullets" No. 591, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(591) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date Thursday, Feb. 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(591) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(591) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

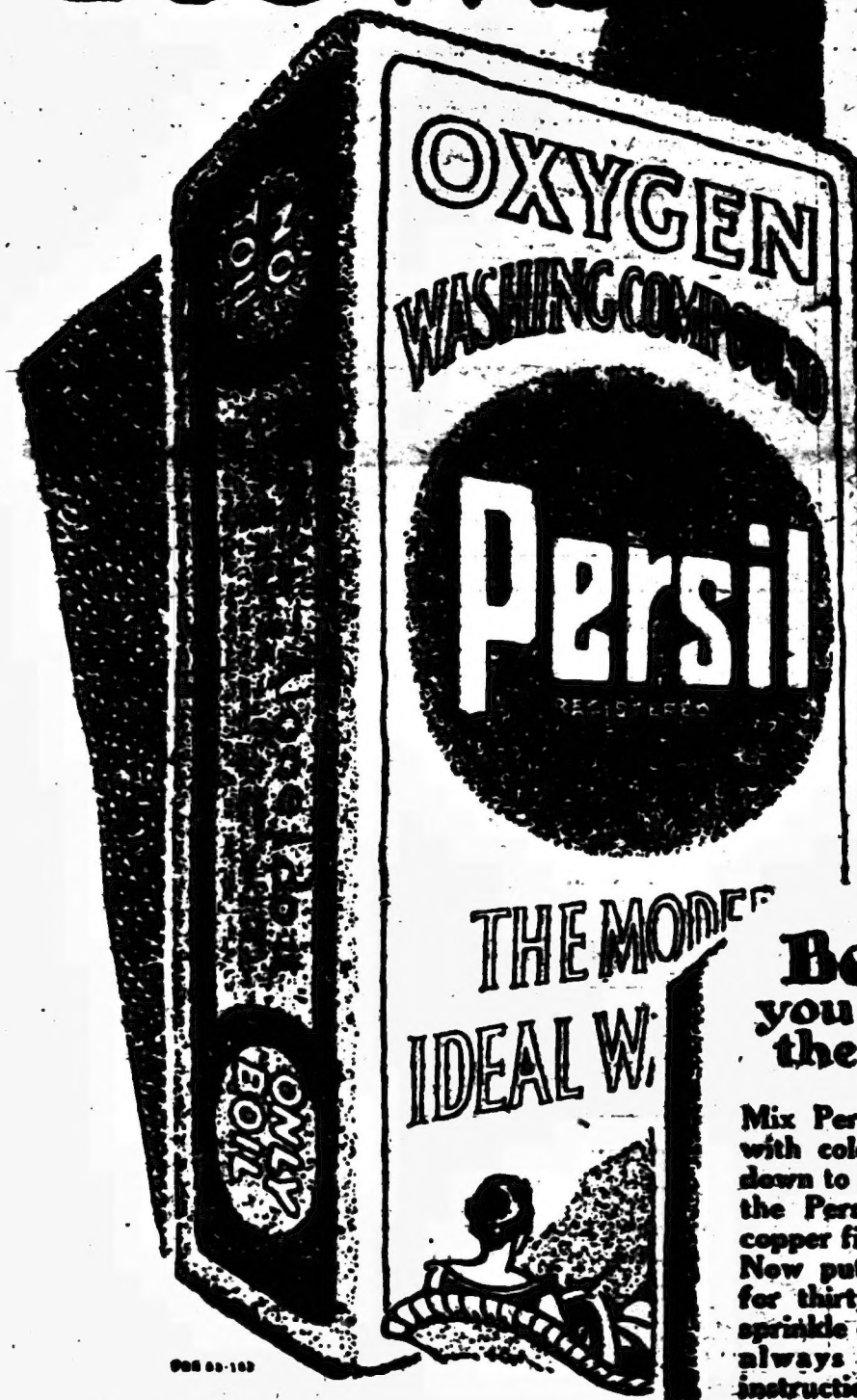
Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb 11.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(591) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 583 can now be seen in the window of Mr. W. D. WILKINSON, 43, High Street North, East Ham.

STILL ANOTHER "BIG TEN" NEXT WEEK!

Persil good news



Huge new packet only Sixpence!

Persil has always saved money, time, work, wear on clothes. But now you get a larger packet containing nearly twenty per cent. more Persil—and the new price is only sixpence! The 3½d. packet is also larger—but the price is unchanged. Persil itself—its own merits—has made this possible.

Use Persil just once—then you will know all about it. You will know why countless thousands of housewives have made Persil a regular washday habit.

Persil owes its popularity to the oxygen it frees in the washing water. It is not a soap or a soap powder, but a modern washing compound, invented to cleanse by an entirely new method. Persil has germ-destroying properties, too—it disinfects while washing clothes.

Get a large packet of Persil to-day and take the afternoon off next washday. Let Persil do the work.

In new large packets

3½ and 6d.

THE MODE
IDEAL W

Be sure you use Persil the right way

Mix Persil to a thick paste with cold water; then thin down to a milky liquid. Stir the Persil solution into the copper filled with cold water. Now put in clothes and boil for thirty minutes. Never sprinkle dry Persil on clothes, always mix first. See instructions on every packet

Made by Crosfields

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